

THE ULTIMATE IN SPINE-TINGLING TERROR!

NIGHTMARE

47364
NO 8
AUGUST
1972
60¢



TM

A SKYWALD PUBLICATION

TUNNELS
OF
HORROR!

INCREDIBLE MIND-BENDING
FANTASIES OF FEAR!

"ANDRAS!"

THE GRAND MARQUIS OF HELL!



Known as the foul despot ANDRAS... Lucifer's evil servant and marquis of the underworld appears to man as having the body of an ANGEL and the head of a WOOD OWL... riding a BLACK WOLF and carrying in his hand a pointed, deadly SABER. Commanding thirty of Satan's mad legions of undead soldiers he teaches those whom he favors to kill their enemies and masters alike... creating havoc and dissension upon his hapless victims...

NIGHTMARE

VOL. 1 NO. 8

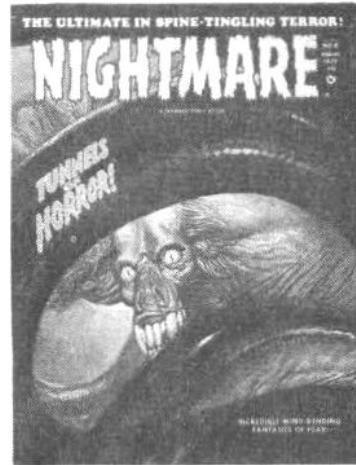
AUGUST 1972

Publishers: ISRAEL WALDMAN & SOL BRODSKY

Editor: SOL BRODSKY Assoc. Editor: AL HEWETSON

Business Manager: HERSCHEL WALDMAN

FEATURING THESE SPINE-TINGLING ILLUSTRATED TALES OF TERROR



Our COVER STORY this issue . . .
THE TUNNELS OF HORROR, a
tale of the macabre!

4—SNOW-BOUND — Locked in death's icy grip in the bizarre Antarctic, nine men live from moment to moment fearing the inevitable frozen death that surely awaits them when STARVATION comes-a-callin'!

10—HEY CREEP: PLAY THE MACABRE WALTZ — The mad violinist who rips into your soul with BLOOD ROCK that grips you . . . taunts you . . . mocks you . . . with every shriek of his tormented strings!

20—ROT, ROBIN, ROT — Remember Jolly Friar Tuck . . . Man-Goliath Little John . . . Beautiful Maid Marion . . . and the strapping Robin Hood? 700 years later they're still loitering around Sherwood Forest . . . just ROTTING!

23—NIGHTMARE cover story . . . THE TUNNELS OF HORROR — You've heard of the sewers of PARIS . . . but have you never heard of the sewers of NEW YORK? Beneath this mammoth city uncountable things lurk awaiting their chance to EMERGE!

31—SATAN'S GRAVEYARD — Every man who believes in heaven must also believe in HELL . . . for Scarlyn Friedrich that is a tremendous burden to carry on his shoulders . . . shoulders which are sadly DEFORMED!

38—TALES FROM THE CRYPT — NIGHTMARE'S MOVIE REVIEW COLUMN makes its dynamic debut in a graphic glance at the great new horror movie which critics are calling a CLASSIC MASTERPIECE!

42—HUNG UP — A twisted, grotesque, puppet-like form hovers over the crumpled, ruptured remains of a WOMAN . . . a woman once lithe and beautiful . . . whose lust for life was handicapped by a MARRIAGE VOW!

54—THE STING OF DEATH — Ah . . . sweet mystery of LIFE . . . and DEATH! Ever wonder what unspeakable snarling thoughts occur to you at the moment of DOOM? And what uncanny scheme bedevils you AFTER?

60—THE WEIRD AND THE UNDEAD — The Madison Avenue Mind gets it all together to figure out the meaning of life and death and finally figures out that ENDLESS INFINITY isn't so UNreal at all!



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A sad scene from SATAN'S GRAVEYARD, a tale to tear at your heart strings . . .

LOCKED IN THE DEATH-GRIP OF THE ANTARCTIC ICEFIELDS, A DOOMED SQUARE-RIGGER AND HER CREW AWAIT THE INEVITABLE! THE SNOWS NEVER ABATE.... THE ICE SHOWS NO SIGN OF MELTING. THROUGHOUT THE VESSEL, MALNUTRITION REIGNS SUPREME AS IT TOYS WITH MEN TURNED PAWNS OF NATURE! THE AIR IS PACKED WITH FURIOUS, BITING WINDS... WHILE THE ATMOSPHERE BENEATH DECKS IS SOLEMN, PUNCTUATED ONLY NOW AND THEN BY THE DEATH-MOANS OF THE DYING HULK! **BUT STILL, THERE ARE YET OTHER SOUNDS.....**

SNOW- BOUND!



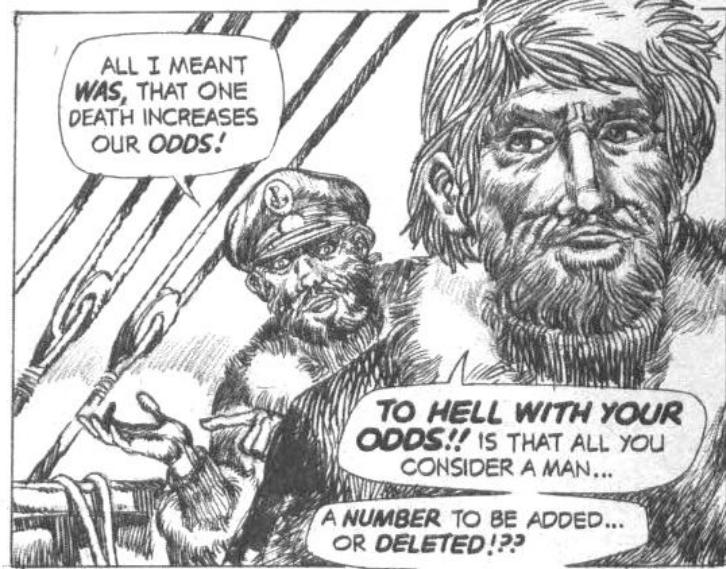


WITH A GOOD MEAL BENEATH THEIR BELTS, THE CAPTAIN TAKES A GRIM SURVEY OF THE SITUATION.....



MEANWHILE, ANOTHER AVENUE OF PRESERVATION IS BEING TROD...







THE DEAD WERE BURIED, AND THE MADNESS OF PAST DAYS, WAS ALL BUT FORGOTTEN. ANOTHER SLED DOG WAS KILLED AND EATEN... THE FUTURE LOOKED BRIGHTER... THERE WERE OCCASIONAL SMILES PASSED... LAUGHTER WAS NOT UNKNOWN AMONG THE FOUR MEN... UNTIL...



SUDDENLY...

HUH?!!

SO, THIS MADNESS
CONTINUES !!

CRASH!

ONLY ONE MAN
WILL THEY FIND IN
THE SPRING....
ME!!!

THERE WILL BE NO
SURVIVORS! CAN'T YOU SEE,
FOOL? HA HA HAAA NO, YOU
CAN'T!! WE'RE INFECTED.... OUR
BODIES... OUR MINDS!!

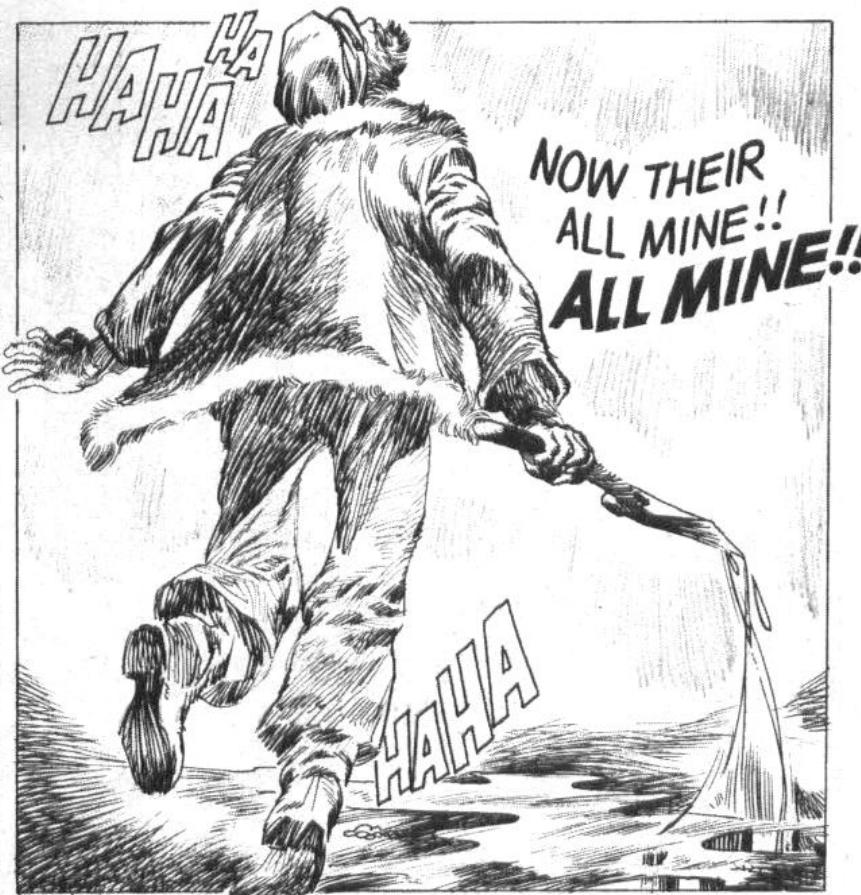
GO AHEAD!!!
KILL
KILL....

BUT WE'LL GO THROUGH THE
AGONIES OF HELL BEFORE IT
ALLOWS US DEATH!!

KILL! KILL! HA HA HAAA!!

HA HA HAAA!! THE
DOGS, YOU FOOL.....
THE DOGS.....
HA HA HAAA!!!!

AS THE DEATHLY LAUGHTER STILL ECHOS FROM THE WALLS.....



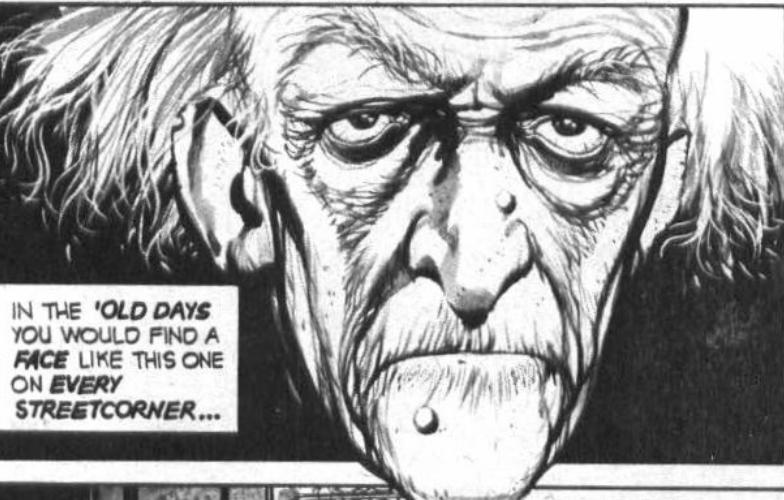
THE ONCE SITTING FIGURE, NOW **SLUMPS!** LIFE - BLOOD, CRIMSON AND FLUID... **FALLS...** ONLY TO BECOME A CAKED MASS ON THE OAKEN DECKING!

BUT, THOUGH THE BODY LIES IN **MUTED** NATURE, STILL HIS PENNED **ORACLE** RINGS WITH A **GROTESQUE TRUTH!!!**

DRIP! DRIP! DRIP!

HIS **DISCOVERY...** THE **ORIGIN** OF DEMONIC **MADNESS...** LIES SEALED BEHIND DRYING, **BLANCHED** LIPS..... DOOMED NEVER TO SPEAK OF IDEAS, MORTAL IN DESIGN!!





IN THE 'OLD DAYS
YOU WOULD FIND A
FACE LIKE THIS ONE
ON EVERY
STREETCORNER...



SOMETIMES YOU THINK -- YOU WONDER--
WHAT LIES **BEHIND** SUCH A FACE --
WHAT WEIRD, MACABRE MEMORIES
IT HIDES...



THIS TALE IS ABOUT
EXACTLY **THAT**-- A MEMORY--
A **SAD** MEMORY THIS MAD
MAESTRO OF THE STREETS
MIGHT LONG AGO HAVE
FORGOTTEN...



WHATEVER THE STRANGE **TRUTH** OF IT
MAY BE -- WE **DO** KNOW ONE **THING**--
HE NO LONGER ACTS WITH A **MIND**--
NOW HIS EVERY THOUGHT-- HIS EVERY
ACTION ... IS **INSTINCT**!

FERRAN SOSTRES

--SO STARTS OUR TALE OF THE MAD
MAESTRO...

HEY CREEP: PLAY THE MACABRE WALTZ

'WAS I THEN A MONSTER, A BLOT UPON THE
EARTH, FROM WHICH ALL MEN FLED, AND
WHOM ALL MEN DISOWNED?'





THE MAD MAESTRO PLAYS... AND PLAYS... AND PLAYS... AND HIS PATRONS DANCE -- **MAGICALLY** -- AS THEY'VE DANCED NEVER **BEFORE**...

NOT JUST **YOU** SWEET WOMAN -- THE **OTHERS** CAN'T STOP **EITHER** -- CAN'T STOP DANCING TO THE **MAD WALTZ** OF THE LITTLE OLD MAN WHO DOESN'T APPEAR TO SPEAK -- OR HEAR -- OR SEE !

WHAT'S WRONG --
I CAN'T STOP...
WHAT'S THE MATTER
WITH ME?



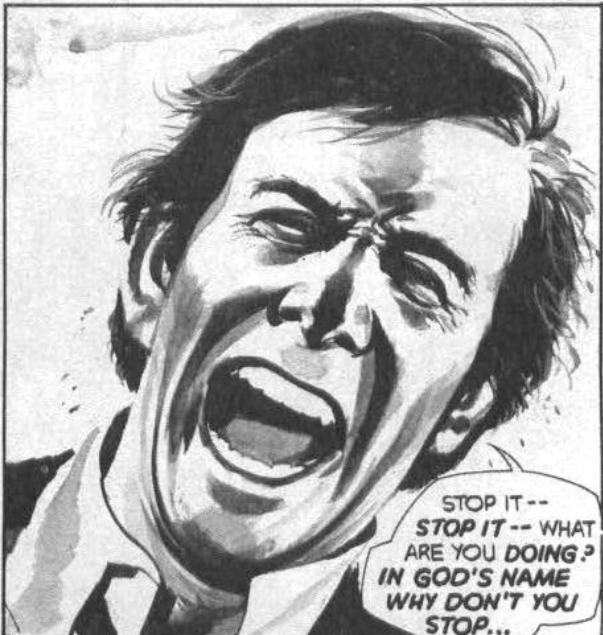
DEAR
GOD -- IT'S A
NIGHTMARE...

THERE'S
SOMETHING
ABOUT THIS...
THAT'S
UNNATURAL...

STOP
THE MUSIC--
STOP IT --
HEY CREEP--
STOP
PLAYING...



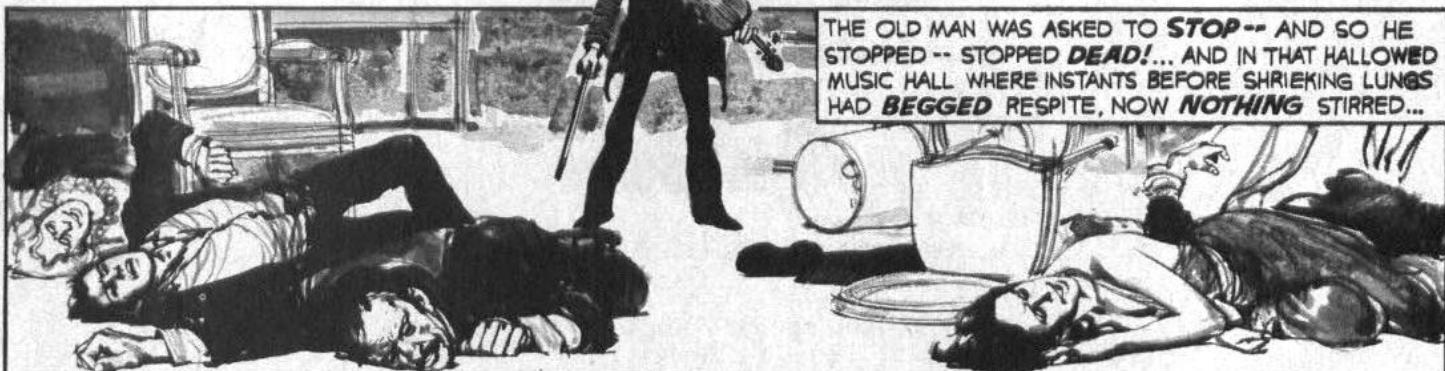
OH THE...
PAIN... MY HEART...
CAN'T TAKE THE
STRAIN...



STOP IT --
STOP IT -- WHAT
ARE YOU DOING?
IN GOD'S NAME
WHY DON'T YOU
STOP...

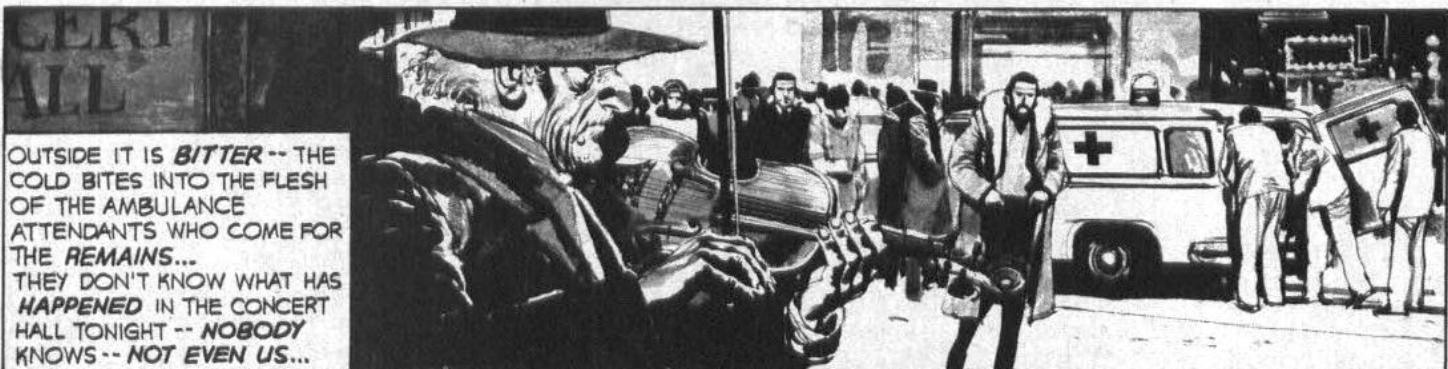






THE OLD MAN WAS ASKED TO **STOP**-- AND SO HE STOPPED -- STOPPED **DEAD**!... AND IN THAT HALLOWED MUSIC HALL WHERE INSTANTS BEFORE SHRIEKING LUNGS HAD **BEGGED RESPITE**, NOW **NOTHING STIRRED**...

NOTHING--
NOT A
LUNG --
SAVE A
FEW **NERVE**
ENDS STILL
JERKING...
STILL
TWITCHING
ENDLESSLY...



...THEY DON'T NOTICE HIM STILL STANDING... OBLIVIOUS TO THE GOINGS ON... STILL STANDING ON THE STREET CORNER FOR **PENNIES**... THE ANGRY LITTLE MARTIAN PLAYS ON -- FOR THE PENNIES OF THE EARTHLINGS -- PENNIES TO KEEP **ALIVE**! HE HAS NOT SAID A **WORD**-- WELL, HE CAN'T-- **MARTIANS CAN'T**! PERHAPS THAT'S WHY HE'S **ANGRY**-- ANGRY AND **MAD** AT EACH AND EVERY EARTHLING ON THIS **DULL PLANET**-- NONE OF WHOM WOULD GIVE HIM A DECENT **JOB**-- A DECENT **LIVING** TO A WILLING-TO-WORK **DUMB SHIPWRECKED MARTIAN**!

MMMMH, YES--MAYBE THAT'S WHY HE'S SUCH AN **ANGRY LITTLE MAN**!

-THE END-

NIGHTMARE'S NIGHTMAIL

Most of the letters you publish praise at great length (and rightly so) your stories and art... well I never was a conformist so I want to bring up an entirely different subject to praise... your covers, cause I think they should be praised.

I've compared the covers of NIGHTMARE 3, 4, 5, 6 and 7 to all the other horror magazines on the market, and I think they're better by far.

Not idle flattery this, just to get my letter published — let me now prove my point! Is there a single fan out there who will disagree with me that since your first couple of issues your covers have improved about 400% in quality and subject matter? I doubt it! Well all the other magazines have clumsy cover art... like NIGHTMARE #2 for example which I thought was terrible.

Sure, once in a while the other magazines have a good cover (usually by one of your artists) — but it's rare. You have consistently good stories and art inside, and am I wrong in thinking that consistency is all-important in magazine publishing?

Walter Kurzon
Scranton, PA.

As a matter of fact Walter, you're quite right, it's our feeling that consistency is the most important aspect of magazine publishing. We aim for consistency, and we're very pleased that our efforts are being appreciated.



Compliments on the fantastic seventh issue of NIGHTMARE. It's delightful to read a mature, adult and responsible magazine devoted to horror in a field glutted with put-ons who try to inject humor as a substitute for quality in stories.

Looking at this issue, it's easy to see you're right in calling it 'The Ultimate In Spine-tingling Terror' on the cover... 'The Essential Horror' by Al Hewetson and Torrents has got to go down as one of the finest illustrated horror tales I've ever read, and because of that I've got no reservations about suggesting the story really is the 'ultimate' in suspense-terror!

Jack Peterson
Burns Oregon

It's good to receive a letter like yours every once in a while Jack, it gives us a chance to sit and relax for a minute from a back-breaking publishing schedule and feel just a little proud of our work... because you dig it!

NIGHTMARE #7 was 'right on' — of course so was PSYCHO #7 which I just received today! I'm sure glad you people don't start up a childish rivalry about which of your own magazines are better than others... everyone knows that most of the stories are just picked out at random when you're putting together an issue.

Why am I writing to NIGHTMARE instead of PSYCHO? Well for one thing, it's a better magazine than PSYCHO... better art... better stories...

Samuel Fletcher
Prescott, Arizona

If the stories are picked out at random, Sam, how can one magazine be consistently better than the others?

This is a letter of warning — I've taken your closing letter of the last NIGHTMARE (#7) to heart and am working away on a contribution for your magazine... a story of an untimely undeath that I really hope will blow your minds. I'm also rather curious to know if you've received much reaction on that letter which invited readers to send in their stories for consideration in NIGHTMARE?

An' oh yeh, before I forget — NIGHTMARE 7 was fantastic. I particularly enjoyed Ed Fedory's and Ferran Sostres' 'The Penitent' — let's have more stories by these superb story craftsmen!

Jim Oleck
Chicago Illinois

Your comments, kind as they are, have been passed on to Messrs. Fedory and Sostres to brighten their day just as you've brightened ours Jim!

And we take your warning to heart and eagerly look forward to your untimely undeath (your story that is!) Yep, we've received many excellent contributions already from fans, some of which (the best) will be featured in future issues. Keep 'em coming in, and pleeeease don't forget return postage if you want your material returned!



Just a word about 'Artifacts' by Dennis Fujitake in NIGHTMARE #7.

The word is... 'beautiful!'

Tom Watson
Miami Beach Fla.

And in 2 words... 'thanks Tom'...



Al Hewetson has got to be the finest horror writer around — but I have a problem — maybe you can help me out. It's okay when he has vampires going around biting people's necks in his macabre tales, but does he have to wake me up in the middle of the night to insert his fangs in my neck?

Mrs. Julie Hewetson
New York N.Y.

Julie, we were wondering where Al gets his inspiration.

I have an idea for a new feature which I'd be willing to sell you for a small percentage of your sales... (no no... only kidding)! My idea is to have a movie REVIEW column which would feature a SKYWALD look at the current line-up of fear features of the giant screen. You could run it a few pages along with photographs from the movie and a criticism. What do you think?

Sean Connerty
Santa Monica, Cal.

It's a great idea Sean, in fact we're already doing it, starting this issue. This issue we're featuring the excellent new movie: 'Tales From the Crypt' which we can't seem to rave about enough! Check it out and let us know what you think!

And if you have any more ideas, send them along to us, we'd appreciate them!

Many of the fanzines suggest that publishers make-up the letters pages right out of their heads. Is this the case with SKYWALD?

Wallace Jackson
Madison, Minnesota

To tell you the truth Wallace, we don't know about other publishers — but you've just proven an excellent point! Unless you think we invented you?

The inside cover on the Haunted Strangler was a great page illustrated by a great artist, Pablo Marcos. His work is always a pleasure to look at. I think the one page ideas are too good to forget about. Keep them in every issue.

Sid Stone

New York City, N.Y.

Sid, guaranteed we won't forget about it. Keep your eyes glued to our mags.



I noticed you've changed the format of your contents page. I like it, I like it. Who's idea?

Bud Morgan

St. Louis, Mo.

Al Hewetson's, that's who. And we liked it, we liked it.

I picked up NIGHTMARE #7, as the cover really popped out at me. I thought it was one of the best covers I've ever seen. And then, I looked at the back cover. WOW. It really had me flippin'. I thoroughly enjoyed it even though it wasn't in full color. (just imagine if it was a color painting) I hope you continue to do this, and someday run a contest and give the originals to some lucky guy like me.

Paul Douglas
Chicago, Ill.

Good thought, Paul. We may just do that some day.



Cheers for Skywald for running a horror contest with such a great payoff as an original by Bill Everett. All I can say is, I hope I'm the winner.

Lou Sigal

Philadelphia, Pa.

Every one has an equal chance, Lou. The winner will be announced in NIGHTMARE #9.

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YOUNG ROBINS CHIRP...



...AND DIE!



OTHER ROBINS GET OLD...



...AND JUST ROT!



REMEMBER JOLLY FRIAR TUCK? HE'S OLD NOW, AND UGLY! HE DOES NOTHING BUT SIT AROUND LITTERING SHERWOOD FOREST WITH CHICKEN BONES...



...AND LITTLE JOHN... THE MAN-GOLIATH WHO WAS ROBIN'S RIGHT HAND? HE TOO IS OLD NOW... AND SO FULL OF ARROW HOLES, MAID MARION USES HIM AS A HUMAN PIN CUSHION!



THEN THERE WAS MAID MARION, THE BEAUTIFUL YOUNG MISS WHO STOLE ROBIN'S HEART... SHE TOO IS OLD AND JUST KNITS ALL DAY... CHAIN-ARMORED LONG JOHNS FOR ROBIN...



...AND OF COURSE THERE IS ROBIN HOOD HIMSELF! ONCE A STRAPPING OF 30... NOW, WITH ONE FOOT IN THE GRAVE AT 700 HE'S A GAUNT RELIC OF YESTERDAY...

LISTEN! TO ARMS
MY MERRY MEN!
THERE ARE **NOISES**
NOT FAR FROM HERE...
TRAVELLERS
APPROACHING...

THEY'LL BE
CARRYING **BOOTY...**
MONEY AND JEWELS
THE POOR FOLK **NEED!**
PREPARE YOURSELF
FOR THE ATTACK...

HEY, BEAUTIFUL... THIS
SPOT LOOKS LIKE SOMETHING
OUT OF THE DAYS
OF **YORE!** LET'S STOP
HERE FOR OUR
PICNIC...



DIG
THIS...
REAL
GRASS!



DEATH TO
THE FOREIGN
INFIDELS!



ATTACK! KILL THE
FOUL-MOLISHED
HENCHMEN OF
SATAN...

HEY! HELP! MY GOD...
THEY'RE SERIOUS...
THEY'RE **MADMEN...**





PROLOGUE:

YOU'VE HEARD OF
THE SEWERS
OF PARIS...
BUT HAVE YOU
EVER HEARD OF
THE SEWERS OF
NEW YORK?

HISTORY BOOKS
RARELY TELL THE
FULL STORY OF
ANYTHING...
THEY HIDE AND
CRUSH FACT AND
TRUTH... FOR THE
SANITY OF THE
FUTURE... FOR TO LOOK
AT THAT MACBRE TRUTH
BEHIND THINGS THAT
HAVE HAPPENED THROUGH
MAN'S FRAIL EXISTENCE ON
THIS STRANGE, TINY PLANET MIGHT
PROVE TOO MUCH FOR EVEN THE
STRONGEST OF MINDS!

... WHERE WE SEE A
YOUNG WOMAN WALKING
ALONE THROUGH THE
STREETS AFTER HER MAN HAS
TAKEN CRUDE **ADVANTAGE**
OF HER **INNOCENCE**...

JUST BECAUSE
HE'S THE **DON**
JUAN OF 73 RD
STREET DOESN'T
MEAN HE CAN
GET **ANYTHING**
HE WANTS
OUT OF A
WOMAN...

...AT
LEAST NOT
THIS
GIRL!

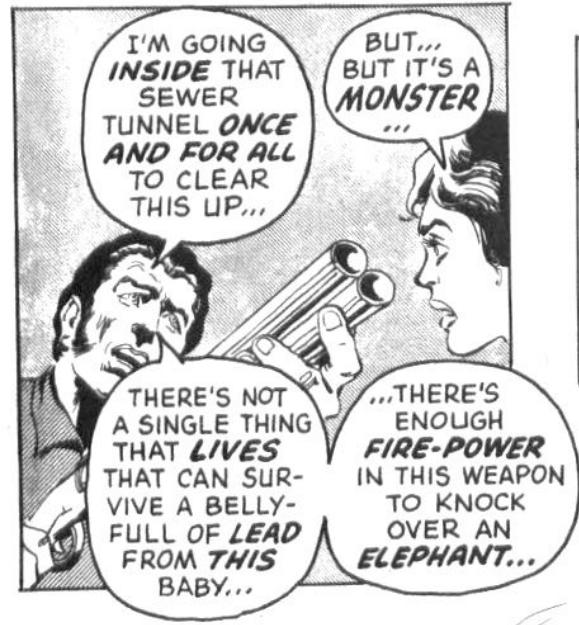
I'D RATHER WALK
WALK HOME THROUGH
THIS **RAIN** THAN FEEL
HIS GRIMY HANDS
PAWING AT ME...
LIKE I'M AN
INHUMAN **OBJECT**
TO BE **POSSESSED**...

BUT EVEN AS ALEXANDRA PERKINS
IS WRAPPED IN HER THOUGHTS SHE
SUDDENLY FINDS HER MIND **TORN**
FROM HER... HER SANITY **RIPPED**
LIKE A POINTLESS TOY... FOR AS SHE
TURNS THIS CORNER SHE COMES FACE
TO FACE WITH A TIMELESS HORROR...

OUR TALE
HAS STARTED AT
THE END... AS
WORKMEN CLOSE A
MULTI-MILLION DOLLAR SEWER
SYSTEM... BUT NOW LET US
START AT THE **TRUE**
BEGINNING... WEEK EARLIER...
AS WE TAKE YOU BACK A
CENTURY AND A HALF TO A
'DISMAL RAINY NIGHT
IN MANHATTAN...









THERE IS A SAD, SICK IRONY IN THIS... TO BE RESCUED FROM IMMINENT DEATH BY BRAVERY... TO FIGHT AND KILL A MONSTER-UNNAMEABLE... AND THEN TO SUFFOCATE IN THE HUNTER-VICTIM'S BLOOD...

AN IRONY THE BLACK GODS WOULD ENJOY... IT IS THEIR WEIRD KIND OF HUMOR... BLACK HUMOR...

WHEN THE WOMAN AND THE MAN AWAKE THEY FIND THEMSELVES BATHED IN **LIGHT**... A STRANGE YELLOW **GLOW** THAT SEEMS TO PULSE AND POUND INTO THEIR **CHOKING MINDS**...

LARRY...
LARRY ARE YOU
ALRIGHT?

YEH... I
GUESS SO...
BUT I FEEL
THE SAME
WAY AS
YOU
LOOK...

I KNOW
WHAT YOU
MEAN... YOU
LOOK A BIT
FEVERISH
TOO...

...IT'S THE AIR...
HORRIBLE... AND THAT LIGHT...
BURSTING MY
HEAD **WIDE OPEN!**

...CHOKING MINDS THAT SUDDENLY COME TO **REASON** EVEN AS THEY BECOME AWARE OF THE WALLS AND FLOOR OF THIS FOUL TUNNEL BEGINNING TO HORRIBLY **MOVE**!

I DON'T
KNOW... IS... IS
IT ME?... OR
IS THIS
TUNNEL
MOVING...

...GETTING
DIZZY...
MY HEAD IS
SPINNING...

IT'S NOT YOUR
HEAD LARRY... IT'S
THE TUNNEL... IT
SEEMS TO BE... IT
LIKES WHEREVER IT
GOES... IT'S
A **DRAINPIPE**...
IT'S BEING MOVED BY
WORKMEN...

...AND
WE'RE
CAUGHT
INSIDE...

NO!

IT'S **MORE**
THAN THAT...
THE CEILINGS...
THE WALLS
ARE SOFT...
MUSHY...

WHAT
KIND OF A
SEWER IS
MUSHY?

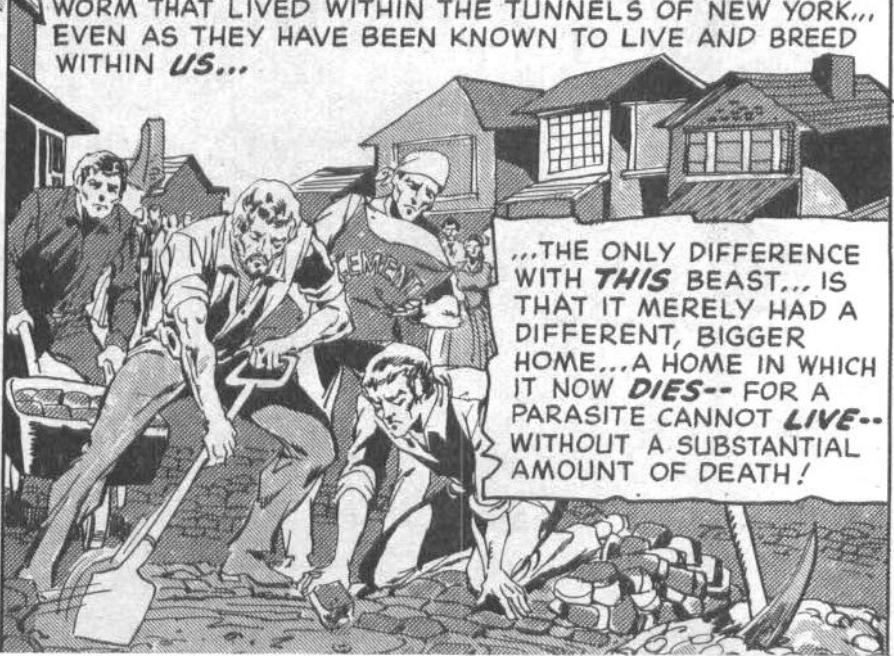
ALRIGHT... AT
THE END OF THE
TUNNEL... IF WE
CAN CRAWL TOWARDS
IT THROUGH THIS
MUCK WE MIGHT
BE ABLE TO
ESCAPE!



...ONCE UPON A DISTANT TIME AGO...



THE WORKMEN CEMENT OFF THE SEWERS...SEAL THEM TIGHT...AND WHILE NOT RIGHT PERHAPS IN NOT RECORDING THE **TRUTH**...THE AUTHORITIES **WERE** RIGHT IN LOCKING THE ABOMINATION WITHIN...FOR THIS BEAST WAS A PARASITE...A MONSTROUS TAPE WORM THAT LIVED WITHIN THE TUNNELS OF NEW YORK...EVEN AS THEY HAVE BEEN KNOWN TO LIVE AND BREED WITHIN **US**...





AND HE LAID HOLD ON THE DRAGON, THAT OLD SERPENT, WHICH IS THE DEVIL, AND SATAN, AND BOUND HIM OVER A THOUSAND YEARS!

PROLOGUE: HE IS **RARE** AND PRIVILEGED, THE MAN WHO CAN WALK THROUGH DEATH... FOR ALL RACES OF MAN FEAR THE DAMNED WHO MAY RISE FROM THEIR **GRAVES** IN REVENGE OF THE FATE THAT HAS CAST THEM THERE! FOR EVERY MAN WHO BELIEVES IN HEAVEN... ALSO LIVES IN THE **SHADOW OF HELL**! THIS THEN IS A TALE OF **EVIL**... ABOUT A MAN OF THE DREADED SATANIST CULT...

SATAN'S GRAVEYARD



YOU ARE HAPPY TODAY SCARLYN...
THERE HAS BEEN ANOTHER
DEATH IN THE TOWN OF DUNWICH...
AND THE MOURNERS WHO COME
TO CRY FOR THE DEPARTED HAVE
BUT TO GLANCE AT YOU AND
HAVE THEIR TORTURE DOUBLED...



LATER... IN A
SECLUDED SPOT...



AH YES, SCARLYN... DEVOTED
YOU HAVE BEEN TO ME... I
GRANT YOU A BOON... WHAT-
EVER YOU DESIRE... AT YOUR
COMMAND...



EVERLASTING LIFE... GRANT
ME THIS MASTER... THAT I
MAY BE FIT TO SERVE THEE
FOREVER!



MY MASTER WAS KIND TO ME TODAY...
REWARDING ME FOR ALL MY YEARS
GIVEN TO HIM! IT IS GOOD TO
HAVE SOMEONE TO WORSHIP...
MAKES ME FEEL WANTED...
AND FOR SO MANY YEARS
I WAS ALONE!



HELLO MY LITTLE ONES... HOW HAVE YOU BEEN WHILE PAPPA'S BEEN AWAY ALL DAY?

HAVE YOU BEEN GOOD... HAVE YOU BEEN PLAYING WITH BIG **DAMON** BY THE FIRE? NOW JUST SIT QUIETLY AND PAPPA WILL GET YOU SOME **MILK**... YES MY LITTLE ONES... YOU'RE MY **SPECIAL** LITTLE FRIENDS, AREN'T YOU?



NOW YOU LISTEN HERMAN THORPE... THAT HIDEOUS MAN IN THE GRAVE-YARD... UGH... IT MAKES ME SHUDDER TO EVEN THINK ABOUT HIM... THAT VILE MAN MUST BE TAUGHT A **LESSON!**

YEAH THORPE... HE SHOULD BE KICKED OUT OF TOWN!

SPEAKING OF **FRIENDS** SCARLYN... IF YOU KNEW WHAT WAS GOING ON BEHIND YOUR BACK YOU MIGHT BE A BIT MORE **CAUTIOUS** HOW YOU PRACTICED YOUR **BELIEFS**; FOR AT THIS VERY MOMENT YOU ARE BEING **PLOTTED AGAINST** BY SOME TOWNSFOLK OF GOOD DUNWICH WHO **WITNESSED** YOUR DEVOTIONS EARLIER...

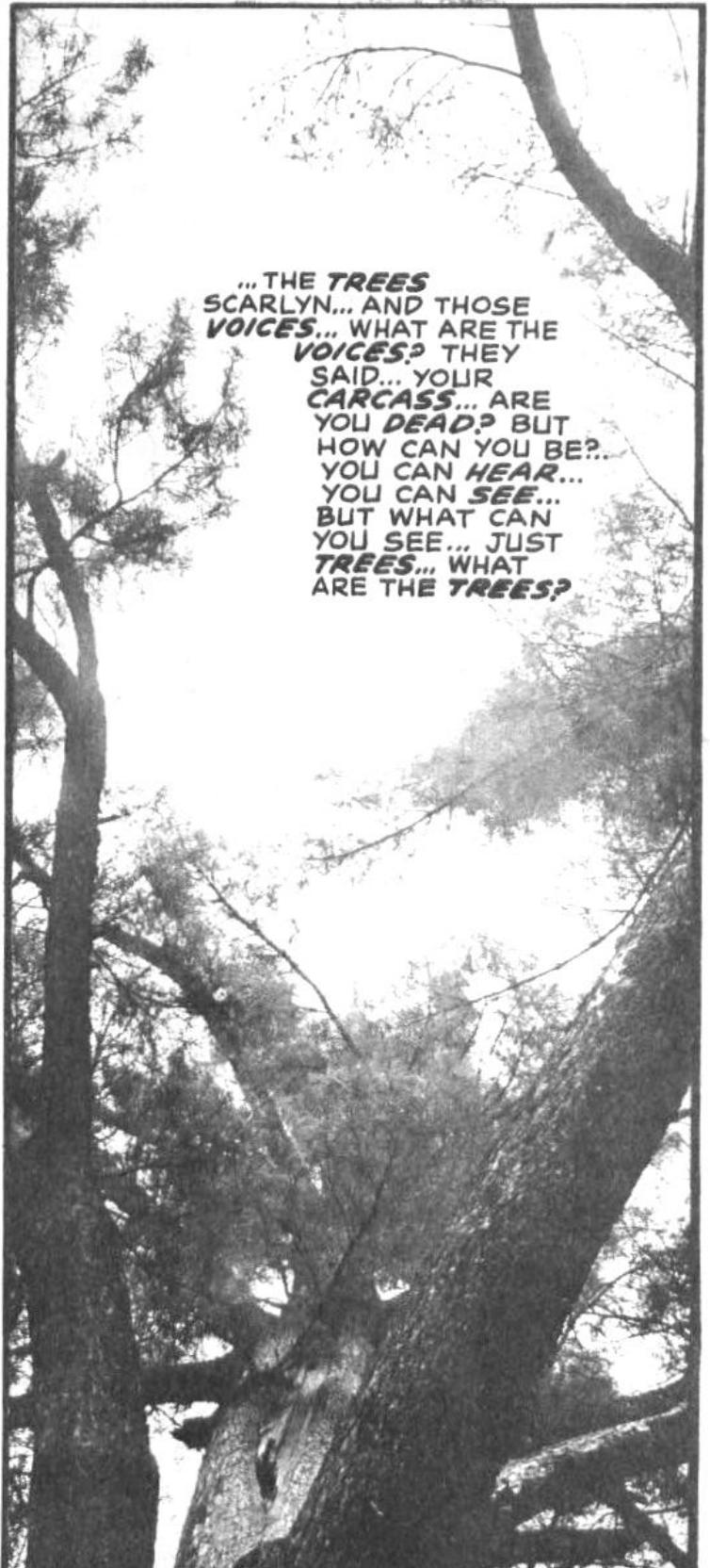
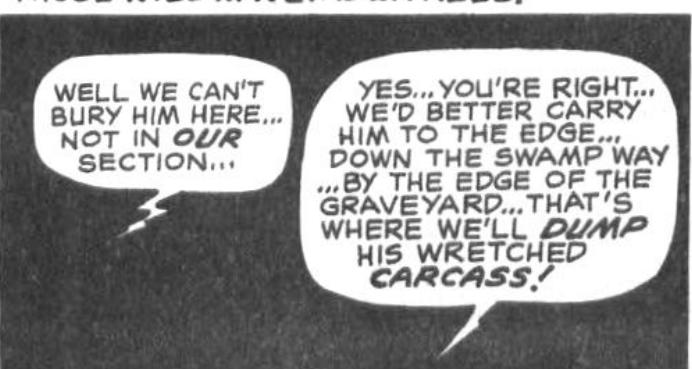
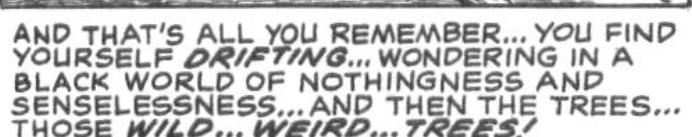


LATER...

HUMP... WHERE ARE YOU... COME OUT...

WE WANT TO HAVE A TALK WITH YOU!







THE TREES THAT PASS BY YOUR EYES AND SAY *NOTHING*...
NOTHING TO LET YOU KNOW
WHAT'S HAPPENING...

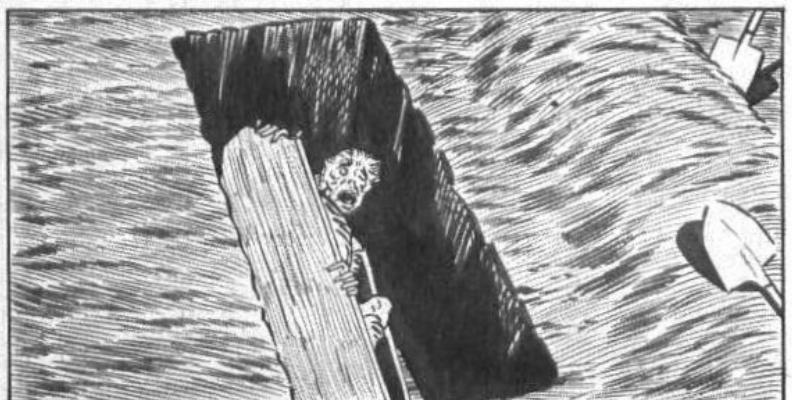
BUT IS IT NOT NOW THE DAY
SCARLYN? WHEN THEY CAME
AT YOU... WAS IT NOT NIGHT...
AND WITH A *BLACK SKY*?

NOW THE MOVEMENT YOU FEEL
COMES TO A *HALT*... AND THE
TREE *SHUDDERS*... YOU FEEL
YOURSELF BEING *LOWERED*...

...*LOWERED INTO A GRAVE!* NOW YOU SEE THEIR FACES... THE FACES OF TWO LOCAL NO-GOODS... AND THEIR VOICES... THE HARSH WORDS THAT POUR FROM THEIR MOUTHS AS THEY SET ABOUT THEIR TASK... THE TASK OF *BURYING YOU!* BUT WHY... WHY... YOU'RE NOT DEAD... YOU CAN'T BE... *YOU'RE NOT DEAD...*



SO YOU SCREAM SCARLYN... YOU SCREAM FOR SOMEONE TO *HEAR* YOU... BUT NO ONE DOES... NO ONE COMES... THEY THINK YOU'RE *DEAD*... *DEAD AS A DOORNAIL!*



SO YOU *PUSH UP* ON THE LID OF THE COFFIN... AND AS IT GIVES YOU *GRASP* THE EDGE OF THE BOARDS AND SCRAMBLE UP... OUT... INTO THE DAYLIGHT! THE FRESH WIND THAT WHISTLES AGAINST YOUR BODY MAKES YOU FEEL GOOD NOW SCARLYN... BLOWS AWAY ALL THAT HORRIBLE STENCH THAT YOU SMELL ABOUT YOU! YES YOU FEEL GOOD NOW SCARLYN... NOW THAT THE AIR RUSHES BACK INTO YOUR *SCORCHED LUNGS*...



YOU SEE THE TWO MEN COMING NOW SCARLYN... YOU'LL **CONFRONT** THEM... SCARE THEM HALF OUT OF THEIR **WITS** WON'T YOU... THEY THINK YOU'RE **DEAD...**



NOW YOU KNOW SCARLYN... NOW YOU KNOW WHAT'S HAPPENED... YOU **ARE** DEAD AREN'T YOU? BUT YOU'RE MUCH HAPPIER NOW... NOW THAT **SATAN** HAS GIVEN YOU **EVERLASTING LIFE**... IN EXCHANGE FOR YOUR **SOUL** SCARLYN... THAT **OBSCENE**... **UGLY SOUL** THAT YOU **CARRIED** ABOUT ON YOUR **SHOULDERS**...

AND SHOULD YOU HAVE THE **MORBID** IDEA THAT OUR TALE HAS A **MORAL**... WE'RE NOT SAYING YOU'LL FIND ONE-- BUT WHY NOT TRY LOOKING FOR IT ABOUT SIX FEET UNDER... **BURIED** ALONG WITH YOUR **ROTTING CORPSE**! DIG?

DEATH LIVES IN THE VAULT OF HORROR!

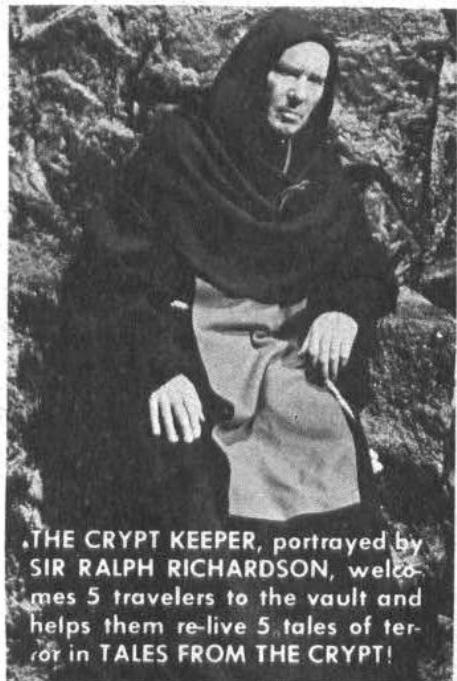


NIGHTMARE
MOVIE REVIEW:

Tales from the CRYPT

by
ALAN
HEWETSON

comic-art ©1972
William M. Gaines



An Amicus Production for Metro-media Producers, Cinerama Releasing. 92 minutes. Produced by Charles Fries, Milton Subotsky and Max Rosenberg. Directed by Fred Francis. Screenplay by Milton Subotsky based on the stories of Al Feldstein: ALL THROUGH THE HOUSE, REFLECTION OF DEATH, POETIC JUSTICE, WISH YOU WERE HERE and BLIND ALLEYS published in the early fifties in the E.C. comic magazines TALES FROM THE CRYPT and VAULT OF HORROR.

Starring JOAN COLLINS, PETER CUSHING, SUSAN DENNY, RICHARD GREENE, IAN HENDRY, PATRICK MAGEE, NIGEL PATRICK, ROBIN PHILLIPS and SIR RALPH RICHARDSON as the incredible,

THE CRYPT KEEPER, portrayed by SIR RALPH RICHARDSON, welcomes 5 travelers to the vault and helps them re-live 5 tales of terror in TALES FROM THE CRYPT!

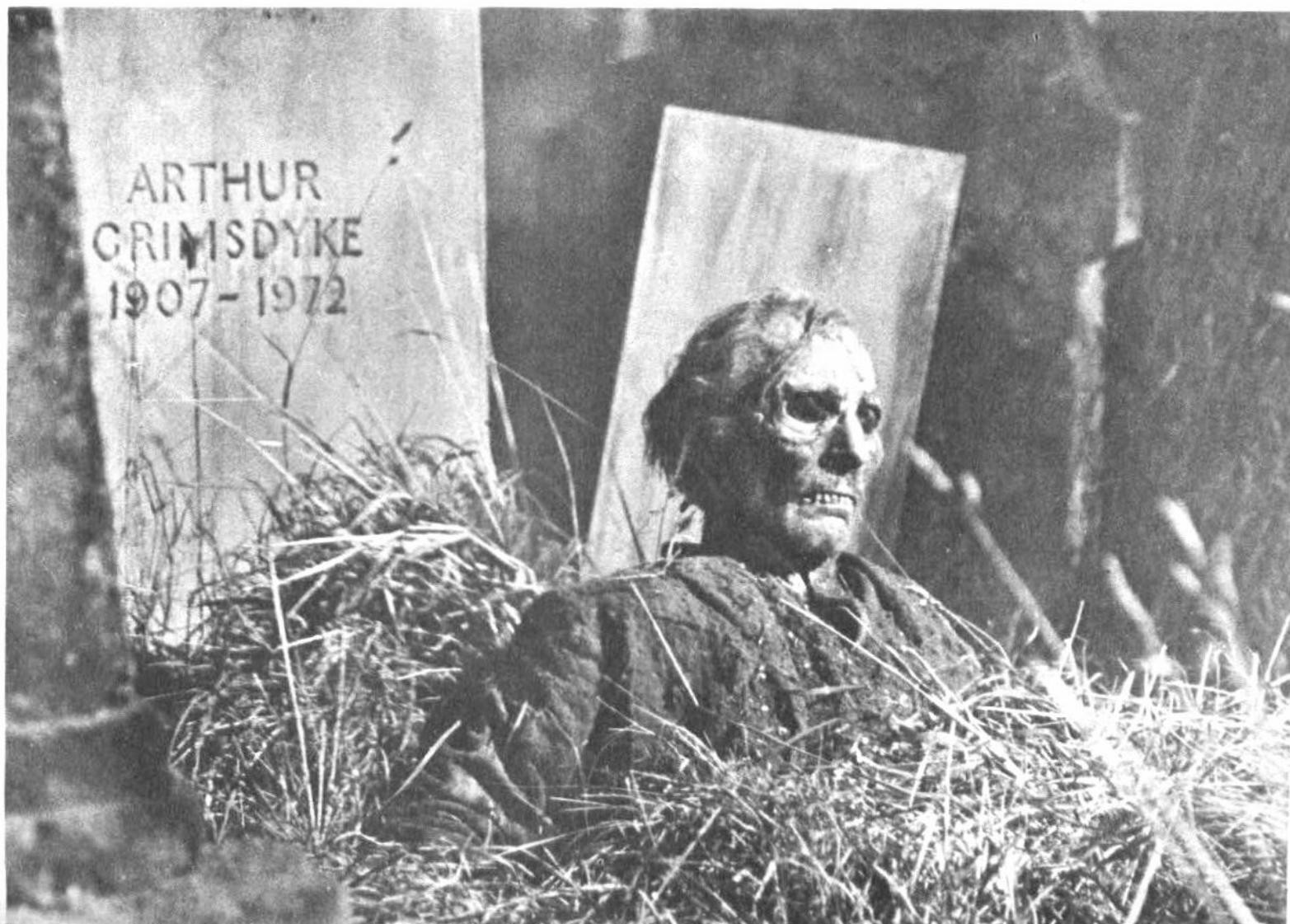
old CRYPT KEEPER.

Good horror films are rare; excellent horror films are SO rare they can probably be counted on your fingers — TALES FROM THE CRYPT is just such a film, and just might be the finest horror production made since the early introduction of Lee's DRACULA many years ago. We are slightly prejudiced we admit, because the film features the fear fantasies of Al Feldstein, adapted from the great E.C. comic horror magazines. It is rare to see a film follow closely a plot set down in a short story or novel, but TALES FROM THE CRYPT does, probably because of the fact that the original form was a graphic presentation which lended well to its kindred medium. . .the movies.

After brutally murdering her husband, Joanne Clayton in **ALL THROUGH THE HOUSE**, receives an unexpected visit from an unsaintly Saint Nick!

AL FELDSTEIN wrote these fear tales in the early 1950's in the E.C. comic mags: **TALES FROM THE CRYPT** and **THE VAULT OF HORROR**. He collaborated with publisher Bill Gaines, and artists Johnny Craig, Reed Crandall, Jack Davis, Will Elder and 'Ghastly' Graham Ingles to produce these masterworks of comic literature, which were excellently and closely adapted by screenwriter Milton Subotsky. Now editor of **MAD Magazine**, Al is still considered, even 20 years after the fact, the finest sCRYPTer of comic-macabre in the medium; his works of horror are forever the comic art conversation.

Grimsdyke rises from the grave to seek revenge on the man who drove him to suicide!





DEATH follows Satanic-double-dealer Ralph Jason in WISH YOU WERE HERE, a tale of 3 wishes from the BEYOND!

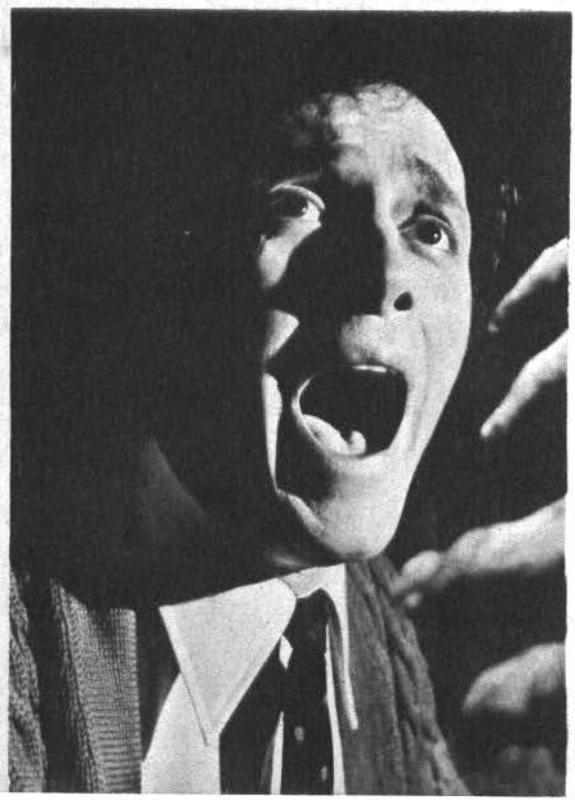
TALES FROM THE CRYPT was filmed entirely in England at the famous Shepperton Studios on 14 different sets and for location shooting, at London's famed Highgate Cemetery.

The cast includes the highly acclaimed British actor PETER CUSHING, whose performances in the past include THE CURSE OF FRANKENSTEIN and THE HOUSE THAT DRIPPED BLOOD. In this film he portrays Grimsdyke, a lonely old widower who is victimized to suicide by a landgrabbing, fortune-hunting James Elliot.

In POETIC JUSTICE the man who forced Grimsdyke to take his own life is visited by him on the anniversary of his death!

Elliot meets an awkward end on the first anniversary of Grimsdyke's untimely departure from this world as his smoldering corpse rises from the grave to seek vengeance, turning hunter into hunted, and leaving the tormented drowning in his own pulsing heart which lies before him on a blood-soaked desk-top.

Director Fred Francis has an impressive list of successful horror-suspense films to his credit. TALES FROM THE CRYPT is his seventh film under the Amicus masthead, the others include THE SKULL,



DR. TERROR'S HOUSE OF HORROR, and TORTURE GARDEN. The cast also includes SIR RALPH RICHARDSON who portrays the OLD CRYPTKEEPER. At first sight, to anyone who has followed this Shakespearean actor's career, his appearance seems to suggest parody and an improper put-on. But when his first word is issued you quickly realize the robust tones of his unfaltering grand English are EMMINENTLY suited, and in the twinkling of his dark, deep eyes is the suggestion of condescending mockery which seems so close to the black character of the original comic host.

This is by no means Richardson's first horror movie, in fact in his first film, a 1933 movie called THE GHOUL, he played (in his own words): 'a charming little minister who went around dynamiting homes'.

We hope you've enjoyed this photo-film-review, the first in what we hope will be a long-running series. We also want to make you this promise; when we recommend a movie it's for only ONE reason — because we enjoyed it and want to SHARE it with you. It's unlikely we'll bother to give the space to a movie we DON'T like, so don't wait for: BILLY THE KID VS. DRACULA (yeh, that was the name of a REAL MOVIE!)...but instead watch for the finest of the current crop of horror-suspense motion pictures from Hollywood, England, or anywhere else fear-films are fertilized!



NIGEL PATRICK as the demented William Rogers in BLIND ALLEYS has a choice... before him an incredible alley of waiting razor blades... behind him a starved dog crying for human food... HIM!

HANG UP

YOU STAND IN THE LIVING ROOM OF THE MODEST WEST SIDE APARTMENT AND STARE DOWN IN SILENCE AT THE CARNAGE BEFORE YOU. THE SUMMER AIR DRIFTS SERENELY THROUGH THE OPEN WINDOW BRINGING CITY NOISE AND SMELLS AND RIFLING THE DRESS OF THE GIRL LYING SPRAWLED ON THE FLOOR AT YOUR FEET. YOUR EYES TRAVEL UP THE DRESS, ACROSS THE SMALL BACK AND DELICATE SHOULDERS, TO THE RUPTURED REMAINS OF THE FACE. THEY MOVE ACROSS THE **BLOOD STAINED** CARPET TO THE CRUMPLED FORM OF THE MAN, HIS BODY TWISTED LIKE SOME GROTESQUE PUPPET BESIDE THE GIRL. YOU DROP THE HEAVY WRENCH TO THE FLOOR AND SMILE QUIETLY AT YOUR WORK. YOUR NAME IS JEFF RICHARDS. YOU ARE A **MURDERER** ...



IT'S ALL WORKING OUT JUST THE WAY YOU PLANNED IT FROM THE BEGINNING ... EVERYTHING FALLING INTO PLACE LIKE CLOCK WORK. IN A FEW MINUTES THE WORST PART WILL BE OVER, THE STAGE WILL BE SET FOR THE FINAL SCENE. YOU MOVE TO THE CLOSET AND WITHDRAW THE CANS OF KEROSINE ...



YOU UNCAP THE FIRST CAN AND BEGIN SPREADING ITS CONTENTS OVER THE LIVING ROOM CARPET, ACROSS THE WALLS AND FURNITURE, TAKING CARE NOT TO SPILL ANY NEAR THE TWO SILENT FORMS ...

BRUCE JONES

Script and Art: BRUCE JONES



YOU EMPTY THE FIRST CAN AND THEN THE SECOND, YOUR NOSE WRINKLING AT THE PUNGENT SMELL OF KEROSENE. THEN YOU PULL THE PACK FROM YOUR POCKET, STICK A BUTT IN YOUR MOUTH, AND LIGHT IT. "MARY WAS A CHRONIC SMOKER, OFFICER...THAT'S PROBABLY WHAT STARTED THE FIRE..."



TIME IS PRECIOUS NOW AND THIS FINAL ACT IS CRUCIAL. WITH A GROAN YOU DRAG THE BODIES TO THE WALL AND PROP THEM UNDER THE OPEN WINDOW, ALREADY FEELING THE GLOW OF THE INTENSE HEAT...



YOU SMOKE IT HALF DOWN, GAZING AROUND YOUR APARTMENT FOR THE LAST TIME, THEN YOU FLIP THE BUTT INTO THE CARPET AND WATCH IT LEAP INTO FLAME. IN SECONDS THE ROOM IS A PARTIAL HALLOCAUST, FLAMES CLIMBING GREEDILY OVER EVERYTHING YOU OWN, THE CURTAINS, THE SOFA, THE T.V. AND NEW STEREO. YOU WATCH GRIMLY FOR A MOMENT THEN MOVE QUICKLY TO THE DEAD COUPLE...



FOR THE LAST TIME YOU LOOK AT MARY'S BATTERED FEATURES THEN YOU DUMP HER ACROSS THE CORPSE OF HER LOVER AND HOIST THEM TO THE SILL. YOU CURSE AT THE STRAIN IN YOUR ARMS, THE ACHE IN YOUR BACK, BUT IT HAS TO BE THIS WAY, BOTH AT ONCE, SO IT WILL APPEAR THEY JUMPED TOGETHER... AT LAST, HEAVING, YOU PUSH THEM OVER AND OUT, TAKING CARE NOT TO BE SEEN YOURSELF...



THE ROOM IS AN INFERNO NOW, AND YOU HURRY QUICKLY TO THE DOOR AND OPEN IT CAUTIOUSLY. THE HALLWAY IS EMPTY AS YOU KNEW IT WOULD BE THIS TIME OF DAY. YOU CLOSE THE DOOR, TEST TO MAKE SURE IT'S LOCKED, THEN CROSS THE HALL AND OPEN THE ELEVATOR DOOR ...



ONCE INSIDE YOU KICK ASIDE THE SMALL WOODEN WEDGE THAT KEPT THE DOOR JAMMED AND THE ELEVATOR STATIONARY WHILE YOU WERE BUSY. YOU PRESS THE BUTTON MARKED "BASEMENT" AND KEEP YOUR FINGER THERE ALL THE WAY DOWN, PREVENTING ANYONE ELSE FROM GETTING ON ...

WHEN THE BASEMENT LEVEL SIGN BLINKS ON THE CAR STOPS AND YOU GET OUT. YOU WALK QUIETLY UNDER BEAMS AND PIPES ON SOFT RUBBER SOLES BOUGHT ESPECIALLY FOR THE OCASSION AND PASS THE SLEEPING FORM OF THE JANITOR HUNKED OVER A HALF EMPTY BOTTLE OF VODKA. IN THE NEXT FEW MOMENTS YOU'RE THROUGH THE SMALL FIRE EXIT AND OUT IN THE ALLEY WHICH IS EMPTY AS YOU KNEW IT WOULD BE. YOU MOVE RAPIDLY PAST THE AISLES OF TRASH CANS AND LITTER, HEADING STRAIGHT FOR CENTRAL PARK ...

AT 79TH STREET YOU EMERGE INTO SUNLIGHT AND FACE THE PARK. THERE ARE PEOPLE HERE, YOU KNOW, BUT THE CHANCE OF MEETING SOMEONE IS A MINIMAL RISK YOU HAVE TO TAKE, AND NOW YOU ARE ENTERING THE PARK AND BREATHING ALMOST NORMALLY AGAIN...



YOUR MARRIAGE WITH MARY WAS A TURMOIL FROM THE BEGINNING, WASN'T IT. JEFF? FROM THE DAY OF YOUR HASTY WEDDING, THROUGH HER LOSING THE CHILD, TO NOW, THE YEARS HAD FADED QUICKLY INTO A MUTUAL HATE... A HATE YOU BOTH RARELY TRIED TO HIDE...



AND THAT EVENING WHEN THE
DOOR SWUNG OPEN AND LOUISE
TAYLOR AND HER HUSBAND
WALKED IN YOU SUDDENLY FELT
SOMETHING YOU HADN'T
FELT FOR YEARS ...

LOUISE, BERNIE...
IT'S BEEN AGES! YOU
LOOK WONDERFUL!

EVENING
BERNIE ...
LOUISE ...

I TOLD YOU THREE
WEEKS AGO THE TAYLOR'S
WERE COMING OVER TO-
NIGHT! NOW GET UP
AND PUT ON A COAT AND
TIE - DAMN!... THERE
THEY ARE ...!



YOU STAND ALONE BY THE LAKE UNDER THE WARM SUMMER SUN AND WAIT. YOU'RE RELAXED NOW, TRANQUIL EVEN ... THE SOUND OF THE FIRE ENGINES WILL COME SOON ENOUGH. YOU CLOSE YOUR EYES FOR A MOMENT AND THINK BACK TO WHERE IT ALL BEGAN ...



LOUISE SUMMERS...THE GIRL YOU LOVED FROM A DISTANCE THROUGH FOUR YEARS OF COLLEGE...THE GIRL YOU LONGED FOR, DREAMED ABOUT, AND NEVER HAD THE GUTS TO APPROACH. SO LOUISE HAD MARRIED BERNIE TAYLOR, EH?



HELLO, JEFF...
STILL THE HAND-
SOME BASKETBALL
CAPTAIN I SEE ...

WAS IT YOUR IMAGINATION OR WAS SHE GAZING AT YOU ALL THROUGH DINNER THE SAME WAY YOU HAD GAZED AT HER YEARS BEFORE ... LONGING ... HUNGRY. WAS THERE SOMETHING IN THAT FINAL LOOK SHE GAVE YOU AT THE DOOR THAT CONVINCED YOU HERE WAS A WOMAN THAT WAS LONELY DESPITE HER MARRIAGE ... HERE WAS A WOMAN THAT WANTED MORE THAN HER MARRIAGE COULD GIVE HER ...

IS THAT WHY YOU FOUND YOURSELF AT HER FRONT DOOR THAT FOLLOWING MONDAY?



SHE WAS IN YOUR ARMS THEN, PRESSING HER CURVACIOUS BODY TO YOURS, CRUSHING YOUR LIPS WITH HOT URGENT KISSES ... AND YOU KNEW, JEFF RICHARDS, THAT YOU HADN'T MADE A MISTAKE ...



THERE WAS A WAY... A PLAN, THAT YOU BEGAN SLOWLY AT FIRST SO NO ONE WOULD SUSPECT... ARRANGING IT SO YOU AND MARY SAW MORE AND MORE OF THE TAYLORS. YOU WENT TO MOVIES TOGETHER, BOWLING, PLAYED CARDS, ANYTHING TO GET MARY AND BERNIE TOGETHER, AND WHEN EVER POSSIBLE, TO GET THEM ALONE...

THEN CAREFULLY, CAUTIOUSLY, YOU SENT BERNIE THE FIRST LETTER...

DEAR BERNARD,
JUST A NOTE TO LET YOU KNOW
HOW MUCH I ENJOYED MYSELF AT THE
PICNIC LAST WEEK. THANK YOU.
LOUISE

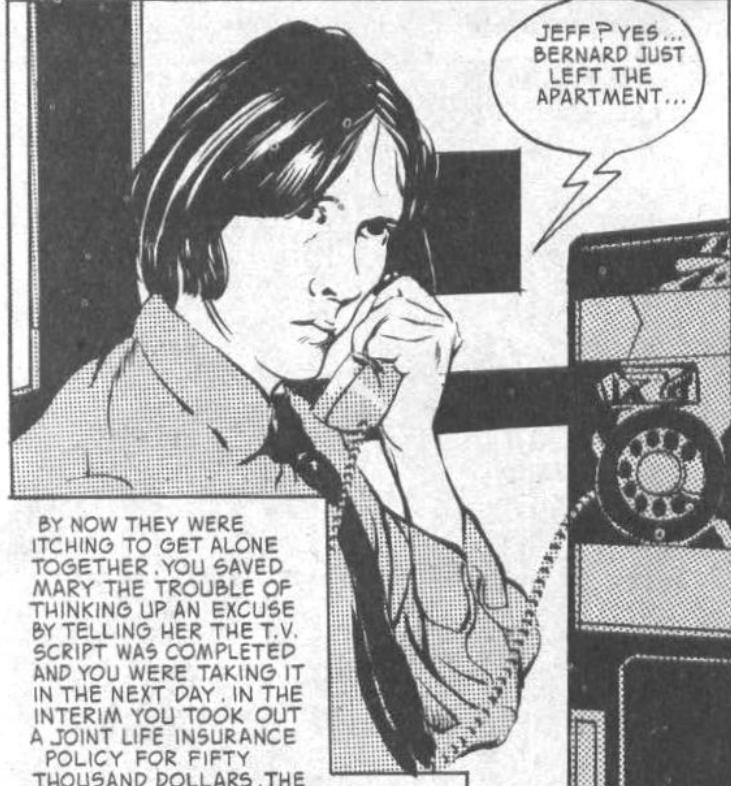


THEN THE FINAL TOUCH; YOU BOUGHT THE STRING OF LOVE BEADS AND SENT THEM TO YOUR OWN ADDRESS WITH THE NOTE FROM "BERNIE" INSIDE...

THEY WERE PRETTY INNOCENT, THOSE FIRST LETTERS, BUT GRADUALLY THEY BECAME MORE AND MORE INTERESTING. MEANWHILE LOUISE WAS ADDING KINDLING TO THE FIRE WITH HER LETTERS TO MARY...

DEAREST MARY,
I KNOW THIS IS INSANE,
BUT I FIND MYSELF THINKING
ABOUT YOU EVERY DAY...
BERNIE





JEFF? YES...
BERNARD JUST
LEFT THE
APARTMENT...

YOU SAT DOWN IN THE CAFE NEXT DOOR AND HAD A CUP OF COFFEE, WATCHING THE STREET OUTSIDE INTENSELY. AT LAST HE CAME, HURRYING TOWARD YOUR APARTMENT BEFORE YOU GOT BACK FROM THE STUDIO. A SMILE PLAYED ACROSS YOUR MOUTH. YOU GAVE HIM TEN MINUTES THEN MADE YOUR MOVE...

BY NOW THEY WERE ITCHING TO GET ALONE TOGETHER. YOU SAVED MARY THE TROUBLE OF THINKING UP AN EXCUSE BY TELLING HER THE T.V. SCRIPT WAS COMPLETED AND YOU WERE TAKING IT IN THE NEXT DAY. IN THE INTERIM YOU TOOK OUT A JOINT LIFE INSURANCE POLICY FOR FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLARS. THE NEXT MORNING YOU LEFT THE APARTMENT, WALKED TO THE DRUG STORE PHONE BOOTH, AND WAITED FOR LOUISE'S CALL ...

YOU WALKED ACROSS THE STREET TO THE LIQUOR STORE, PURCHASED THE BOTTLE OF VODKA AND RETURNED TO THE APARTMENT BUILDING. YOU PRESSED THE BUTTON ON THE ELEVATOR MARKED BASEMENT AND DESCENDED BELOW THE STREET. OLD JAKE THE JANITOR WAS THERE AS USUAL. YOU GAVE HIM THE BOTTLE ...



YOU RETURNED TO THE ELEVATOR, CONFIDENT THAT JAKE WOULD BE OUT LIKE A LIGHT IN MINUTES, AND PRESSED THE BUTTON FOR THE 16TH FLOOR. THE CAR SLOWED TO A STOP AND YOU WALKED TO THE FRONT DOOR OF YOUR APARTMENT. WITHIN CAME THE SOUND OF MUFFLED VOICES. YOU SLID THE KEY INTO THE SLOT SLOWLY... AND THREW OPEN THE DOOR! THEY WERE THERE ON THE SOFA AS YOU'D PLANNED ...



BUT YOU DIDN'T GIVE THEM TIME TO EXPLAIN, YOU SEIZED THE HEAVY METAL WRENCH, PLACED CAREFULLY BESIDE THE DOOR, AND ADVANCED ON THE TERRIFIED LOVERS. THE COLD WEAPON FELT STRANGELY LIGHT IN YOUR HAND AS YOU RAISED IT ABOVE YOUR HEAD...

A FOOL... YOU? HE MUST BE JOKING. IT WAS MORE THAN OBVIOUS WHO THE FOOLS WERE.

YOU WATCHED BERNIE'S NOSE AND TEETH SPLATTER ACROSS THE ROOM AS YOU BROUGHT THE WRENCH DOWN ON HIS FACE...



SHE RAISED HER ARMS BUT THE WRENCH
KNOCKED HER HANDS AWAY, WRISTS SNAPPING
LIKE DRY TWIGS. YOU HIT HER IN THE BACK AND
SHE GRUNTED LIKE A PIG, HER FACE SMASHING
INTO THE CARPET WITH A STRANDED CRY ...

SHE ROSE UP ON HER KNEES,
TRYING TO SUPPORT HERSELF ON
HER MANGLED HANDS, HOLDING
THEM OUT TO YOU IN A SIGN OF
PITY, BEGGING YOU THROUGH
EYES GLAZED WITH FEAR
AND PAIN ...

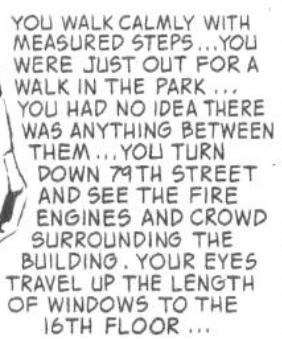


YOU MADE A RED SMEAR OF HER
MOUTH WITH THE CLUB, CRUSHING
BONE AND CARTILEGE. SHE MOANED
BENEATH YOUR HEAVING FIGURE,
THEN PUSHED UP AGAIN, SPITTING
BLOOD AND BILE, TRYING TO CRAWL
AWAY, LEAVING A CRIMSON TRAIL ON
THE RUMPLED CARPET ...



YOU FOLLOWED, BRINGING THE
WRENCH DOWN AGAIN AND AGAIN
ON HER SHOULDERS, HER NECK, UN-
TIL YOUR ARM ACHED AND THE
ROOM WAS A RED BLUR AND SHE
WASN'T MOANING ANYMORE.
THE SCREAM OF THE FIRE ENGINES
BRINGS YOU OUT OF YOUR REVERIE
THAT'S IT! YOUR LAST CUE. THE
PLAY IS ALMOST ENDED NOW ...





YOU WALK CALMLY WITH
MEASURED STEPS... YOU
WERE JUST OUT FOR A
WALK IN THE PARK...
YOU HAD NO IDEA THERE
WAS ANYTHING BETWEEN
THEM... YOU TURN
DOWN 79TH STREET
AND SEE THE FIRE
ENGINES AND CROWD
SURROUNDING THE
BUILDING. YOUR EYES
TRAVEL UP THE LENGTH
OF WINDOWS TO THE
16TH FLOOR...



AH, SWEET MYSTERY OF DEATH!! DID YOU EVER WONDER WHAT OCCURS AT THE PRECISE MOMENT OF DEATH? WELL, DEAR FRIENDS — HERE'S A TALE OF A MAN WHO BELIEVED IN THE THEORY OF REINCARNATION. HE BELIEVED IN IT WITH SUCH FERVOR AND CONVICTION THAT HE DEVISED AN UNCANNY SCHEME TO PROVE IT TO THE SKEPTICS OF THE WORLD. IF HE WERE ABLE TO FORESEE THE EVENTUAL OUTCOME OF HIS MACABRE PLAN, I'M SURE HE WOULD HAVE DROPPED IT AS A DEAD ISSUE. YOU SEE, HIS PLANS DIDN'T INCLUDE ...

THE STING OF DEATH



AH, YOU SCOFF AGAIN, DOCTOR... YOU ARE MY SEVEREST CRITIC, AND THAT IS WHY YOU ARE HERE. WHAT IF I WERE TO TELL YOU THAT I INTEND TO PROVE TO YOU THE THEORY OF REINCARNATION!!

OTTO, NO ONE HAS EVER RETURNED FROM THE GRAVE TO CONFIRM OR DISPROVE IT... AND NOBODY EVER WILL!! YOUR THEORY IS BASED ON THE PREMISE THAT MAN HAS A SOUL.

I AM NOT SO ARROGANT AS TO BELIEVE THAT ONLY MAN HAS A SOUL. I BELIEVE THAT ANIMALS DO AS WELL!!

I'M A MAN OF SCIENCE, OTTO. IN MY OPINION, WHAT YOU PROPOSE IS IRRATIONAL AND FALLS IN THE REALM OF THE OCCULT!!

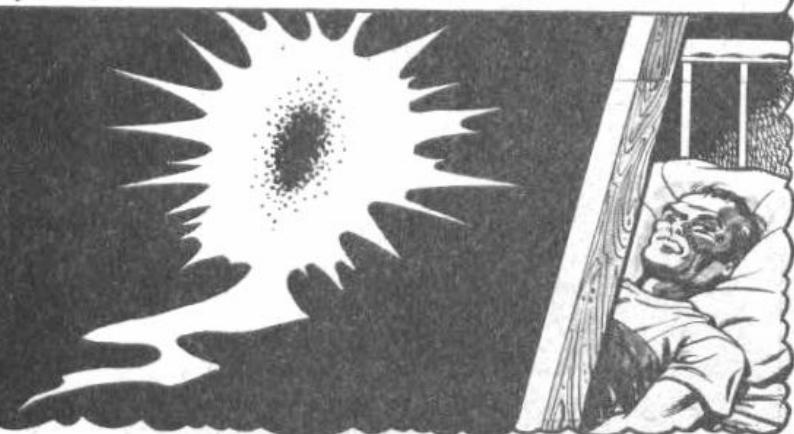
IT'S YOUR INTOLERANCE THAT FRIGHTENS ME, DOCTOR. — HOWEVER, I DIDN'T INVITE YOU HERE FOR A DEBATE. PLEASE LISTEN WHILE I EXPLAIN...

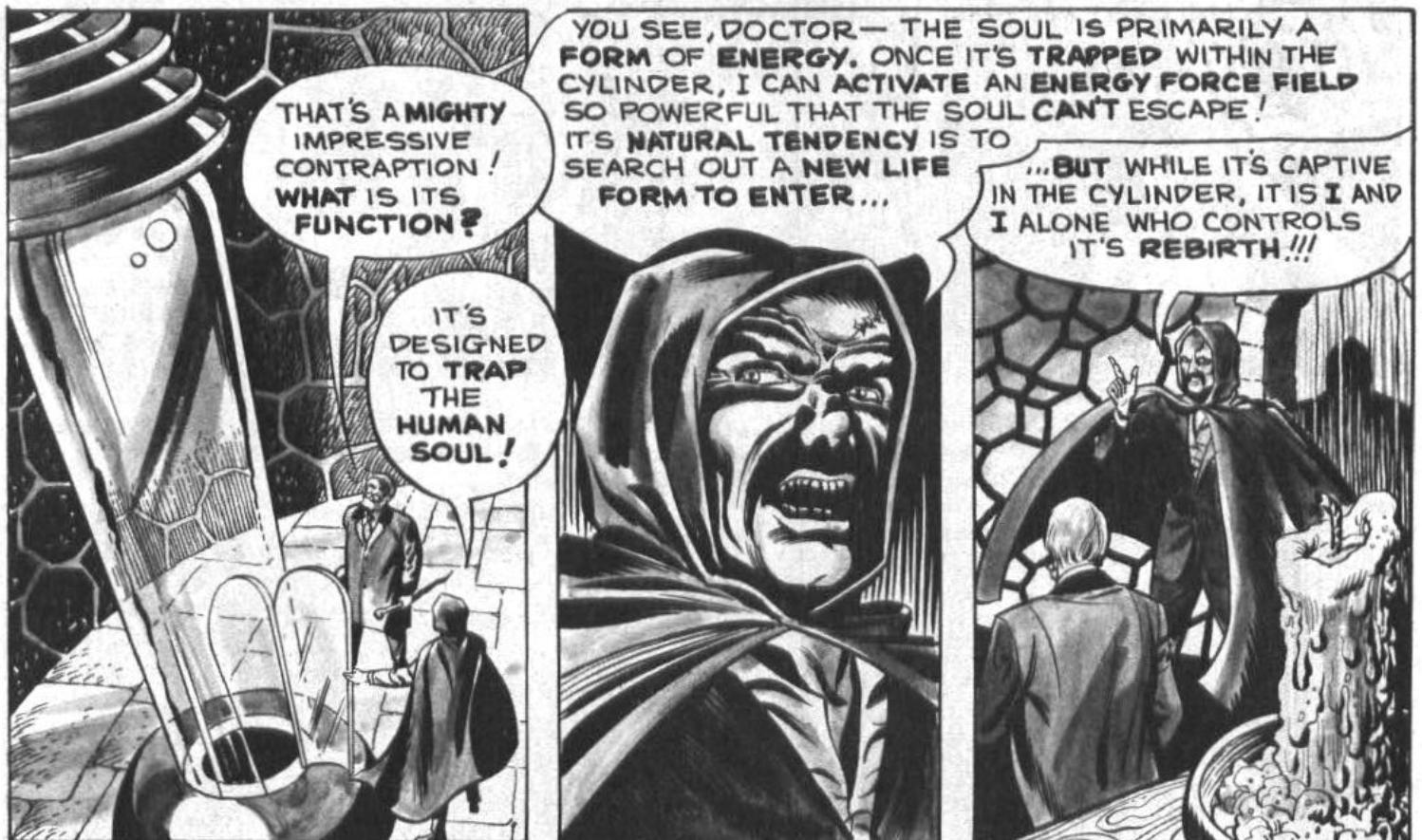
"DEATH IS THE INEVITABLE SEQUEL TO LIFE. IT HAS BEEN STUDIED BY SCIENTISTS FOR HUNDREDS OF YEARS. DR. LEONARD KILE OF THE MANCHESTER HOSPITAL IN LONDON, DEVISED A VIEWING FILTER STAINED WITH A RARELY USED DYE WHICH HE USED TO STUDY THE HUMAN BODY AS IT APPROACHED THE MOMENT OF DEATH."

A VERY INTERESTING STORY, OTTO! HOW DO YOU PROPOSE TO PROVE TO ME THAT THIS BALL OF LIGHT IS THE SOUL AND ALSO HOW IT PLAYS A PART IN YOUR THEORY?

STEP OVER HERE, DOCTOR! I THINK I CAN PROVE IT TO YOU IN THE ONLY WAY YOU COULD POSSIBLY UNDERSTAND!!

"HE VIEWED 236 PATIENTS AS THEIR BODIES SHOOK WITH THE TREMOR OF DEATH. IN EACH CASE, AT THE PRECISE MOMENT OF DEATH, A THIN LUMINESCENT MIST ROSE FROM THEIR BODIES, COALESSED AND SLOWLY FLOATED AWAY."



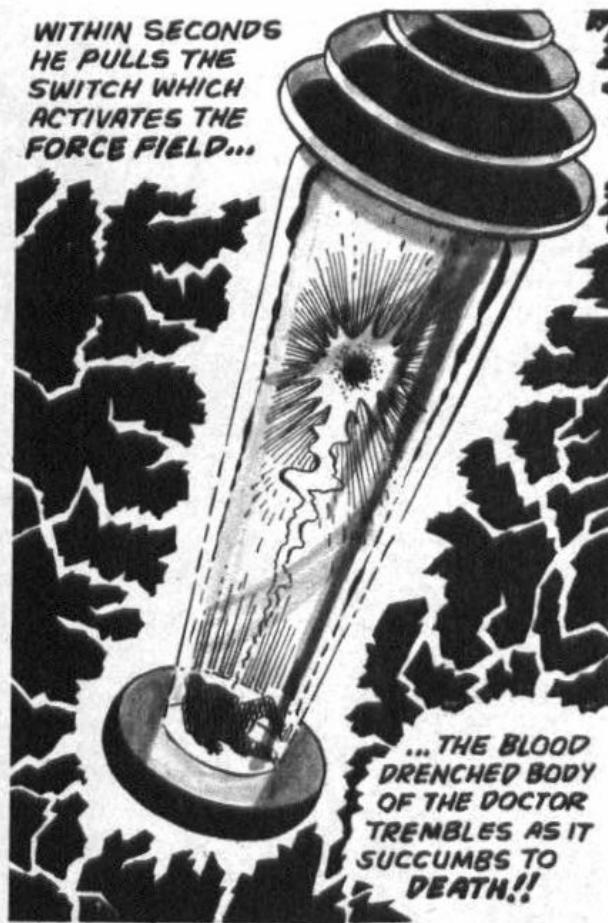


OTTO PLUNGES THE KNIFE
REPEATEDLY INTO THE TORTURED
BODY OF HIS VICTIM...

OH, MY GOD!
NO! NO!
ARGH!!

HASTILY HE THROWS THE
DYING MAN INTO THE
CAPSULE AND SLAMS
THE GLASS DOOR SHUT!

WITHIN SECONDS
HE PULLS THE
SWITCH WHICH
ACTIVATES THE
FORCE FIELD...



IN A MANIACAL FRENZY HE PUSHES A
LEVER RELEASING THE BURNING ACID
THAT DESTROYS THE LIFELESS FORM
WITHIN THE CAPSULE.

ELATED BY THE SIGHT OF THE HUMAN SOUL TRAPPED
WITHIN THE CYLINDER... OTTO BEGINS TO DO A
VICTORIOUS JIG...



...ROUND AND ROUND HE GOES IN JOYOUS ABANDON;
SUDDENLY HIS CAPE ENTANGLES ITSELF WITH THE
SWITCH THAT DISENGAGES THE FORCE FIELD!!



THE SOUL SEEPS
THROUGH THE GLASS
ENCLOSURE.
UNSEEN BY ITS
CAPTOR - IT FLOATS
FREELY TO A DARK
CORNER OF THE
MAUSOLEUM AND
DISAPPEARS.

THE SOUL !! THE SOUL !!
IT'S GONE... GONE...

GONE...

WITH THE AWARENESS OF HIS
LOSS, OTTO'S ANGUISHED
SCREAMS PIERCE THE STILL
NIGHT... IT'S THE CRIES OF
A MAN GONE STARK RAVING
MAD!

IN THE THROWS OF HIS LUNACY
THE MAD MAN RIPS HIS CAPE
AND UPPER GARMENTS OFF
IN A FRENZY.

HE COLLAPSES TO HIS KNEES A
COMPLETELY DEJECTED IDIOT !!



SUDDENLY HIS BODY JERKS AND TWISTS IN AGONY AS HUGE
WELTS APPEAR, COVERING THE EXPOSED AREA OF HIS BODY !!



HIS LAST AGONIZING SCREAMS ATTRACT THE ATTENTION OF TWO HOBOS TAKING A SHORT CUT THROUGH THE OLD ABANDONED CEMETARY...

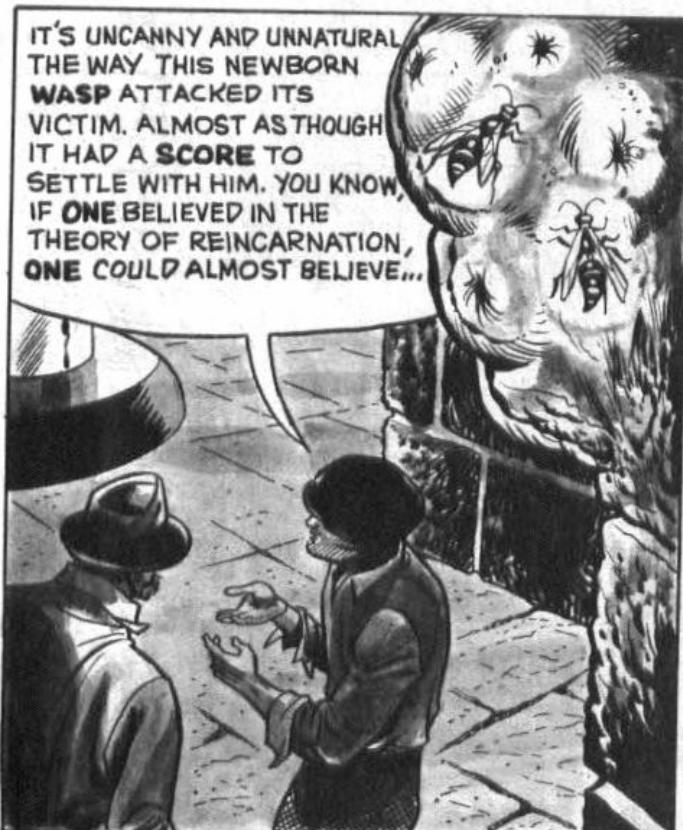
THAT HORRIBLE SCREAM... IT CAME FROM THAT MAUSOLEUM!

SOMEONE'S IN TROUBLE... LET'S TAKE A LOOK!

IT'S GHASTLY!!

WHAT DO YOU SUPPOSE HAPPENED?

YOUR GUESS IS AS GOOD AS MINE. WHATEVER WENT ON HERE IS CERTAINLY NOT OF THIS WORLD! SAY, WHAT'S THIS... NEXT TO HIS BODY...



THE END

WELL THAT JUST ABOUT CAPE
AND COWLS IT FOR ANOTHER BULL
SESSION... HAW HAW... I MUST SAY I'M
PRETTY HAPPY WITH YOU TODAY SMITH...
THAT WAS SURE A GREAT SLOGAN
YOU TOSSSED INTO THE HAT...

... HAW HAW... KEEP
IT UP SMITH AND OUR
SOFT DRINK CLIENT
JUST MIGHT SEND YOU
A CARTON OF *COKE*
FOR A *BONUS*...
GET IT? HAW HAW...

WONDER WHAT GOES ON BEHIND THE SLEEK,
SMOOTH-CUT LINES OF A TOP ADVERTISING
EXECUTIVE... WHAT *UNTOUCHABLE*, *UNNAMEABLE*
MEANDERINGS INTO THE *UNKNOWN* DOES HE
TAKE WHEN THE *MADISON AVENUE MIND*
TAKES A JAUNT INTO THE *UNIMAGINABLE*?
THEN *UNLEASH* THE CHAINS ON YOUR
IMAGINATION... FOR, HERE COMES...

THE WEIRD AND THE UNDEAD!

FIFTY-THREE
YEARS OLD AND WHAT HAVE
I GOT... NOTHING! YEARS AND
YEARS OF STRUGGLING FOR AN
IDEA... AND WHAT HAPPENS WHEN
I FINALLY GET A *WINNER*...
THE *AGENCY* TAKES ALL THE
CREDIT... *AND THE MONEY!*

NICE DAY,
AIN'T IT MAC?

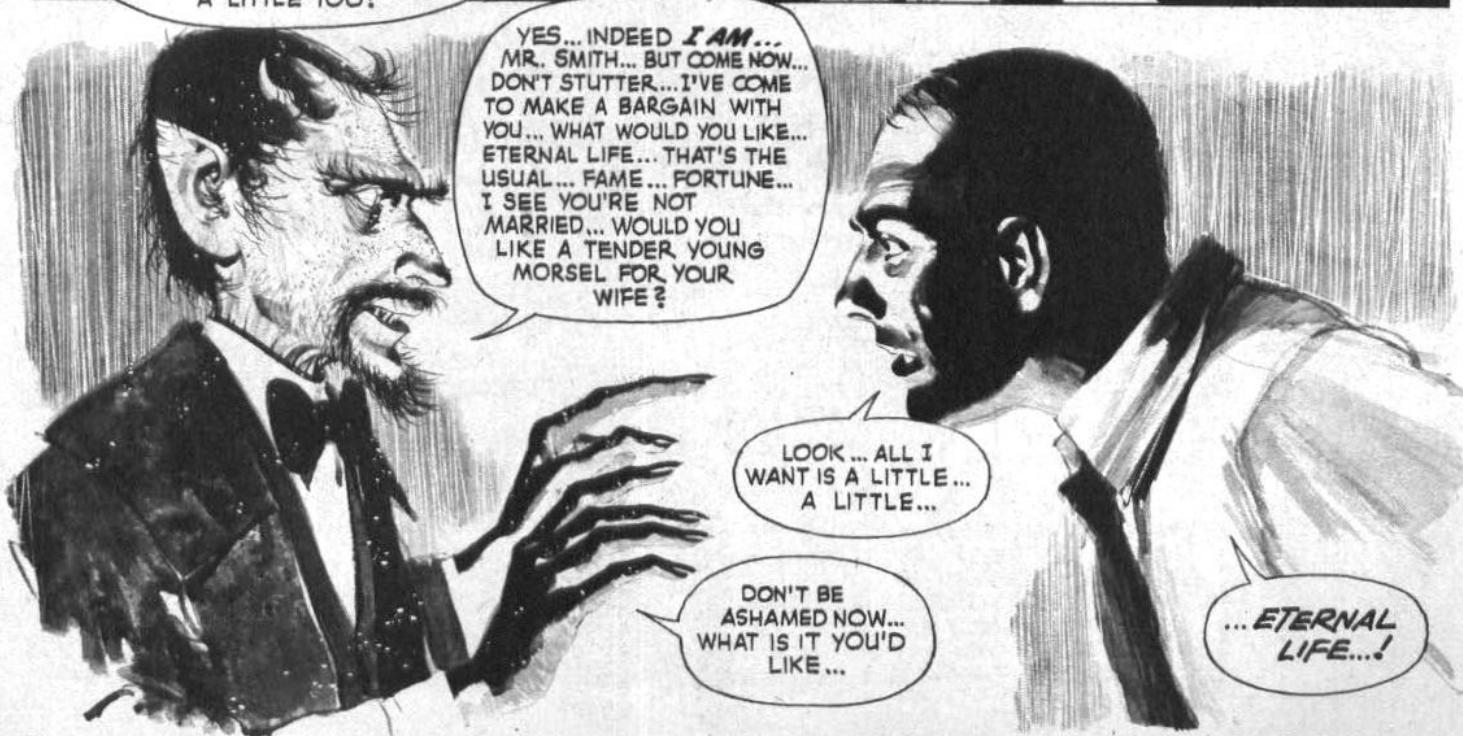
WHAT'S NICE
ABOUT IT... IT *STINKS*...
LIKE EVERY OTHER
DAY!

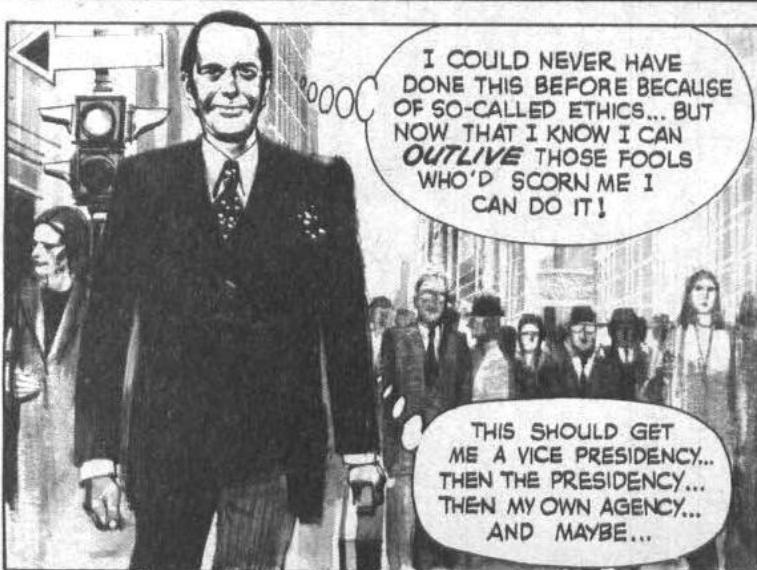
HEY MAC... WHY
DON' CHA HELP THE
LADY... YOU KNOW THE
SAYING... DO *UNTO*
OTHERS AS...

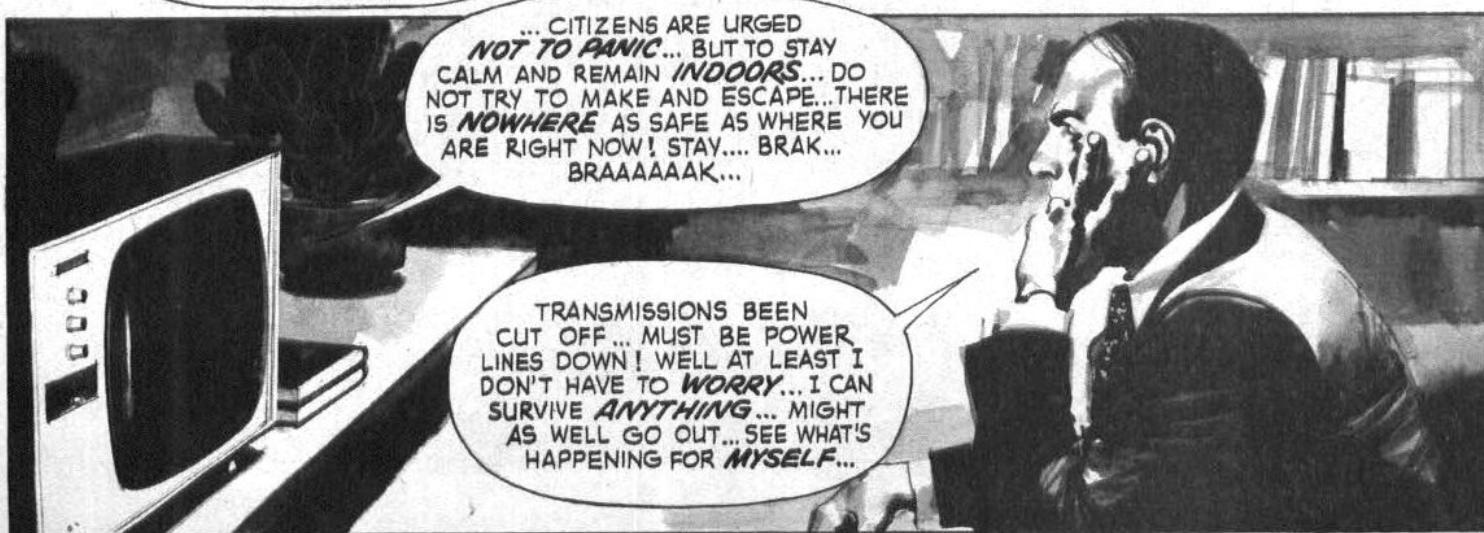
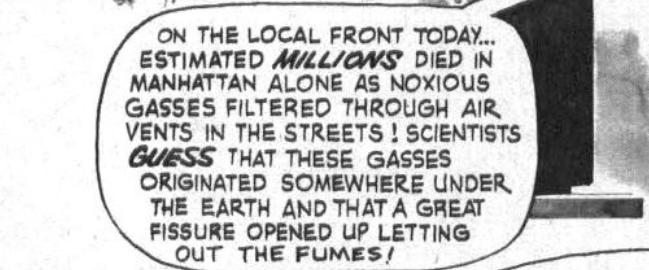
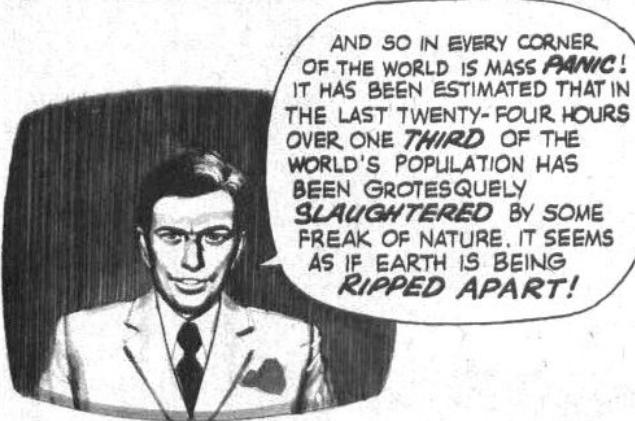
SHUT UP...
WHY DON'T YOU MIND
YOUR OWN BUSINESS...
SHE CAN PICK UP THE
DAMN PACKAGES
HERSELF!

THE BEST
ADVERTISING IDEA IN
YEARS... THE *UNGINGER*
ADS... THEY'VE BECOME A
SLOGAN... A *HOUSEHOLD*
JOKE... AND YET NOBODY
KNOWS WHO *J. SMITH* IS...
BECAUSE HE'S ONLY A
'SALARIED EMPLOYEE'!!

FERRAN
SOSTRES







BAD PUBLICITY...
RATHER, AN UNPROPHETIC STATEMENT FOR SMITH TO MAKE... BECAUSE IT SEEMS THAT SO MANY WEIRD AND UNEXPLAINABLE THINGS HAVE BEEN GOING ON IN THE WORLD THIS DAY... AND IT'S RATHER DOUBTFUL IF ANY UN WOULD PAY THE LEAST ATTENTION TO A MAN CALLED SMITH...

ALL AROUND ME... THE STENCH AND DECAY OF **DEATH**... ALL THESE BODIES HAVE BEEN DEAD ONLY **HOURS**... AND YET THE **SMELL** IS ALMOST INCREDIBLE!

UGH... WATER... UP TO MY KNEES... WONDER WHERE... WAIT A MINUTE... THIS WATER ISN'T STAGNANT... IT'S MOVING...

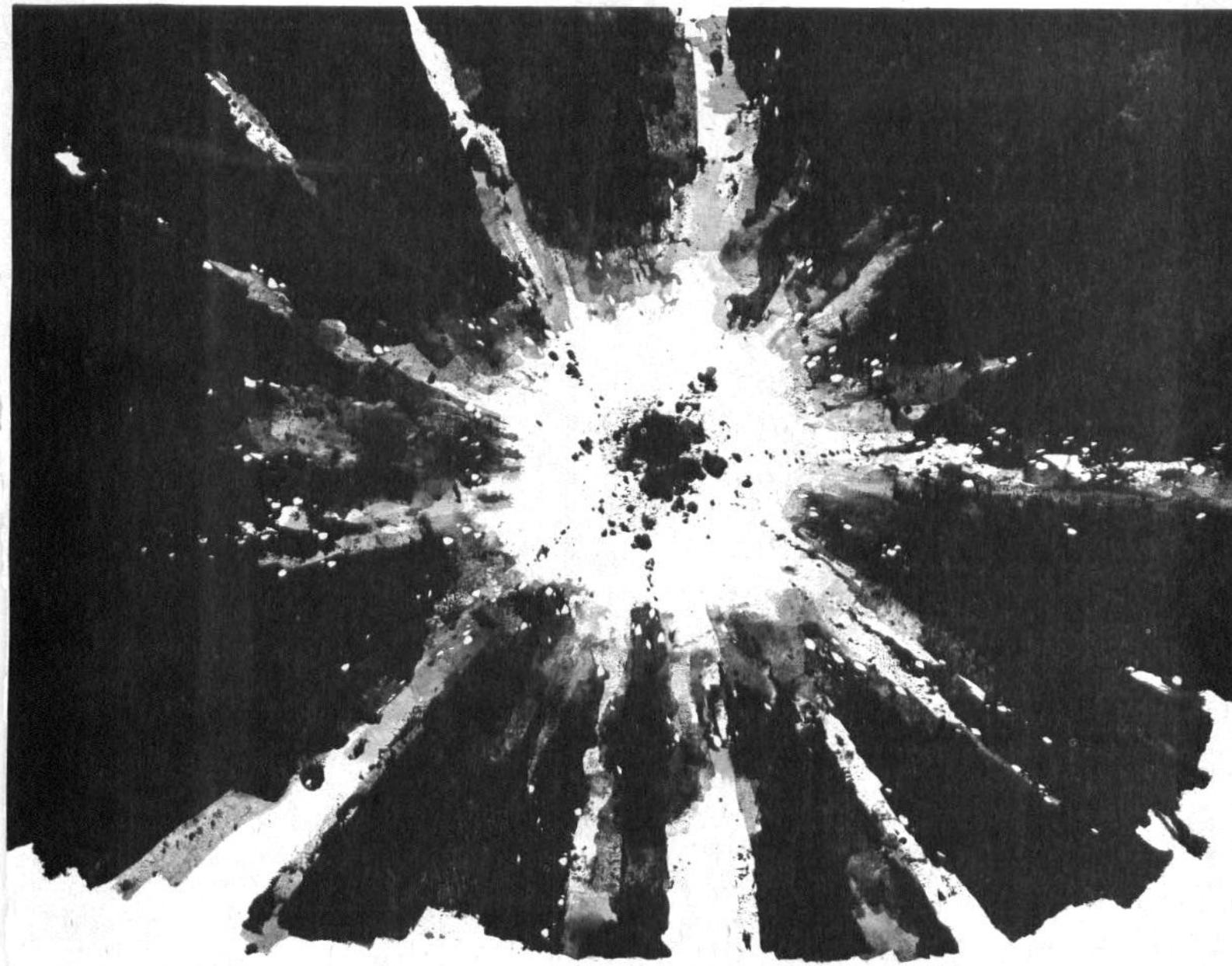
AND THE WORD FOR THAT IS... YOU GUessed IT... **UNCANNY!** POOR SMITH... YOU CAN ALMOST **SEE** THE LOOK OF HORROR COME OVER HIS FACE AS HE REALIZES WHAT'S HAPPENING... FOR IT LOOKS AS IF HIS **UNDETERMINABLE** LIFE SPAN MAY BE SPENT ALONE... ALL THAT HAS OCCURRED CANNOT BE... **UNDONE**...

WE'RE SINKING... NO... THE BUILDINGS AREN'T CRUMBLING IN THEIR FOUNDATIONS... WE'RE **NOT SINKING**...

THE WATER'S RISING... THE EARTH IS DROWNING!

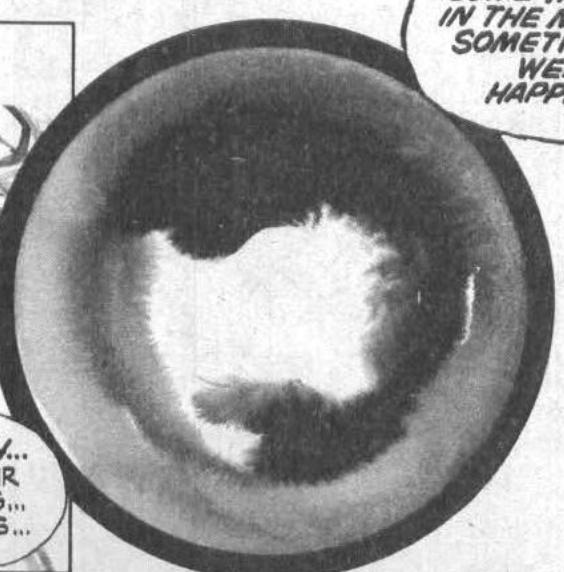
THAT'S THE TOP OF THE **EMPIRE STATE**... THE **TALLEST BUILDING ON EARTH**... THERE'S NOTHING LEFT... NOTHING LEFT AT ALL... EVERYBODY IS **DEAD**... I'M ALONE... ON A **FLOATING DEAD PLANET**...

THIS IS NO ORDINARY **FLOOD**... EARTH DOESN'T EVEN **HAVE** THIS MUCH WATER... WHERE'S IT **COMING FROM**... **SPACE** OR SOMETHING? WE'RE ALREADY AT THE TOPS OF BUILDINGS, BEFORE LONG... THERE'LL BE **NO LAND LEFT**!



A FLOATING DEAD PLANET YOU SAY MR. SMITH? NAY... FOR AS YOU NOW KNOW... MOTHER EARTH IS NOW A FLOATING DEAD **NOTHING**... AND AS FRAGMENTS OF WHAT WAS ONCE A GREEN PASTURE BLAST THEIR WAY INTO THE FAR REACHING ENTITIES OF NOTHINGNESS THERE IS A CONSOLATION IN MASTER SATAN'S WORDS TO YOU... REMEMBER THEM?... 'THERE IS AN END TO INFINITY MR. SMITH'... AND WE GUARANTEE YOU... ERE LONG YOU'LL BE **PRAYING** FOR THAT END...





IT'S ALWAYS WEIRD...
WORLDS-WITHIN-WORLDS-
WITHIN-WORLDS... CHAIN
EXPLODING LIKE SO
MANY BULLETS IN A
FIRE! BUT WE'RE SAFE...
SOME TIME YET 'TILL
THE CHAIN CATCHES
UP TO US AT THE END
OF INFINITY... OR IS IT
UNINFINITY?

